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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Pro-Slavery.

From the Norfolk Herald.

IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS IN ACCOMAC COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

ACCOMAC COURT HOUSE, March 29, 1847.

A meeting of the citizens of Accomac county was this day held at the Court House, to take into consideration questions of vital importance to the South, growing out of the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was called to order by Edward P. Pitts, Esq. who, in a brief addresss, explained its object, and on whose motion it was organized, by the appointment of the following officers:

Robert J. Poulson, President; Nathaniel Topping, Solomon Bunting, Thomas Bull, jr. Ellison A. Hopkins, William Samuel Curtis, Thomas Davis, Thomas J. Grinaldo, Jesse Dickerson, Asa T. Dix, and William J. Berry, Vice Presidents; William Stran Custis, and John W. Gillet, Secretaries.

On motion the following persons were appointed a committee to prepare the business of the meeting, viz: John W. H. Parker, Edward P. Pitts, William P. Bayly, Louis C. H. Finney, Stephen Hopkins, Richard J. Ayres, Richard P. Read, William Stran Custis, Thomas H. Parramore, Smith K. Martin, Thomas J. Grinaldo, and Nathaniel Topping, who reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted, viz:

On the 31st August last, the people of Accomac county assembled in public meeting, to take into consideration questions of vital importance to themselves, growing out of the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject of SLAVERY. Regarding that institution as *civil* in its character, they conceived that they had an undoubted right as *citizens* to manifest their concern in the course of the Church in reference to it. Whatever affects that species of property necessarily affects those who are *members of the community* in which it exists; and whatsoever association, ecclesiastical or other, which assumes to itself the right to take action upon it, must expect that action to undergo review on the part of those who are most deeply interested. Any attack, it matters not from what quarter, which may be made upon that institution, is necessarily an attack upon those who are connected with it; and the very first law of human nature, the principle of self-preservation, affords ample justification for such resistance as may be demanded by the nature and circumstances of the occasion. Against the Methodist Episcopal Church, the people of Accomac had shown no hostility; nor had they felt themselves in any wise authorized as a people, to interfere in her affairs, until, departing from her "ways of pleasantness," and her "paths of peace," she chose to wage an unhappy warfare, in which the rights and interests of the people here were directly put at stake. They saw the Methodist Episcopal Church of these United States, in General Conference assembled, without the interference of "the (so called) world," voluntarily proposing to themselves and adopting a "plan of division" on the Slavery question. They saw that division actually take place under two distinct (Northern and Southern) organizations, and, to their mortification and regret, they found their own fellow-citizens, the great body of the Methodists of Accomac, living in a Southern slaveholding country, giving in their formal adherence to that Northern organization, whose anti-slavery sentiments are in positive conflict with the safety of Southern rights and Southern institutions. In view of these justly alarming circumstances, and feeling themselves deeply aggrieved by the hostile attitude which was thus assumed, the people of Accomac felt themselves compelled to take some action in the premises, and accordingly was held the public meeting to which reference has been made in the commencement of this report. During its sitting, the utmost order and decorum prevailed, and, although composed of those who had met to express their opposition to the course pursued by the Methodists of Accomac, all its proceedings were conducted with manifest respect for the feelings of that portion of our fellow citizens. The only remarks submitted on that occasion were delivered by the Hon. George J. Scarburgh, in compliance with special invitation from a large number of respectable gentlemen, as being the highest judicial officer of our county, whose participation would give dignity to the proceedings, and be an assurance to the Methodists of Accomac, and to all the world, of the peaceable intentions of those who composed the meeting, and were distinguished throughout by the truly kind and affectionate spirit in which he appealed to the members of the Methodist society. The report, embodying the views of the meeting on the subject of its deliberations, was couched in the most courteous and friendly terms, and concluded with a resolution recommending the appointment of a committee to prepare a suitable address. In accordance with this resolution, a committee, composed of sixteen citizens, none of whom, it is believed, were hostile to the Church, published an address, which reviewed at great length, in a spirit of candour and liberality, all the important points involved in the question, and this "in those respectful terms which, (to use the words of the address itself,) should be employed between brethren, neighbours, and fellow-citizens." After the right hand of fellowship was thus extended to them, in a spirit so conciliatory and frank, the question naturally arises, What course was subsequently pursued? We regret to state that all these remonstrances have been utterly unheeded. The proceedings referred to have been scoffed at, and those who participated in them have been subjected to unmitigated denunciation and abuse. It was understood for a time, that the Methodists of the county themselves intended to prepare a reply to the address; instead of this, however, it appears that a reply was *procured* from an editor in the city of New-York, through the columns of a newspaper. That reply, endorsed, sanctioned, and extensively circulated by the Methodists here as THEIR reply to the address, teems with the harshest strictures upon the motives of some of our most respectable citizens, assailing, in particular, the private and official character of the Hon. George P. Scarburgh, heaping contumely and reproach upon the tribunals of the Commonwealth, and containing the grossest anti-slavery sentiments, which, disseminated among us, are of the most incendiary and truly dangerous tendency. For these views, however revolting in their nature, we are left in no other alternative than to hold those who circulated and sanction them, as responsible for the same: therefore,

1. Resolved, That we entertain the highest veneration for that principle which accords to every individual the utmost freedom in the choice of his religious creed; but that we cannot view as religious any doctrines, in whatever church they may exist, which tend to endanger the peace, property, and lives, of our fellow-men; especially in this light do we regard the dangerous doctrines of abolition.

2. That we esteem it to be the sacred duty of patriots to sustain the institutions of our own State, and that the time has now arrived when the condition of things in Accomac county requires that every citizen should stand forth in defence of the institutions of the South.

3. That the propagation of anti-slavery sentiments in our midst, is dangerous in the highest degree to the peace and interests of our country, and deserves our unqualified condemnation and abhorrence.

4. That the Northern Methodists of Accomac, by their avowal that "the Methodist Episcopal Church is *anti-slavery* in doctrine and discipline;" by their avowal that, "as a body, we are, and always have been opposed to the system of Slavery, as defined and sustained by the laws of every slaveholding State in the Union; by their avowal that "the Methodist Episcopal Church has ever borne a faithful and explicit testimony against Slavery as a great evil, and sought, by all safe and practical means, to extirpate it;" and that those efforts to extirpate it "were only relaxed in mercy to the slaves themselves," (disregarding, of course, the rights and safety of the owner;) by their avowal that "we have looked at the system only as we found it in the statutes of the slaveholding States; and we have found it contrary to our views of morality, as taught in the precepts of God's holy word, and have held ourselves bound to testify against it, and to seek its extirpation by all suitable moral means and measures," have advanced opinions subversive of the rights of property, and calculated to endanger the lives of our citizens.

5. That their efforts to bring the judiciary of the State into disrepute, are at war with our notions of the first duty of the citizen, and are calculated to obstruct the impartial administration of justice.

6. That we regard the coarse and slanderous attacks made through the columns of the newspapers upon the Hon. George P. Scarburgh, as utterly unworthy of Christians, and as eminating only from hearts black with falsehood and malignity.

7. That we, who know him, have the fullest confidence in his stern integrity, his unsullied patriotism, his high moral worth, and his eminent legal abilities, and that he deserves the thanks of the people of Accomac for his firm and able defence of their rights.

8. That we cannot recognize the Northern abolition allies of the Methodists of Accomac, as parties to the contest; and the effort to hand us over to them, evinces the weakness of a cause, which can be defended only by abolition aid.

9. That, after the respectful, friendly, and earnest appeal which has been made to the Northern Methodists of Accomac, we warn them of the danger their course is bringing upon this community, and that a farther persistence on their part must and will be met by such action as is prompted by a due regard for our self-preservation.

10. That it is hereby recommended to all patriotic citizens, of Southern principles and feelings, to form committees of safety in their respective neighbourhoods, so organized as to communicate to each other all necessary information, and to promote unity and concert of action.

11. That, in this public expression of our opinions on this great question, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are determined never, for a moment, to abate in our vigilance and zeal, and that we can neither be misled by the non-committalism of the pretended friends of our cause, nor driven, by the open opposition of its foes, from the position which we have taken in resisting the stealthy, but certain progress of abolition.

12. That a committee be appointed to present, as soon as practicable, a copy of these resolutions to all persons who are or may be candidates to be voted for at the next election in this county, and that said candidates be respectfully requested to return to the committee an early answer, saying whether they do or do not concur in the sentiments contained in said resolutions.

On motion, L. C. H. Finney, John W. H. Parker, and W. Stran Custis, were appointed a committee to present to the candidates a copy of the foregoing resolutions, as directed in the twelfth resolution.

On motion of Edward Pitts,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to transmit a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to the Hon. George P. Scarburgh.

Whereupon, Edward Pitts, John W. H. Parker, and Louis C. H. Finney, were appointed such committee.

Resolved, That the proceedings be signed by the President and Secretaries, and published in Richmond and Norfolk papers.

The meeting then adjourned.

ROBERT J. POULSON, *President.*
W. STRAN CUSTIS, JOHN W. GILLET, } *Secretaries.*

Selections.

The following extracts from London papers will show how the treatment of Frederick Douglass by the agents of the Cunard steamers is likely to be considered by the English people. The Times, as everybody knows, is the most influential paper in the world, and the other papers from which we copy are of the highest respectability. We give also the letter of Douglass, to which the Times refers:

DEPARTURE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Strange Proceedings of the Directors of the American Steamship Cambria.

BROWN'S TEMPERANCN HOTEL,
Clayton's Square, Liverpool, Apl. 3, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:—I take up my pen to lay before you a few facts respecting an unjust proscription to which I find myself subjected on board the steamship Cambria, to sail from this port at ten o'clock, to-morrow morning, for Boston, United States.

On the 4th of March last, in company with Geo. Moxlay, Esq. of the Hall of Commerce, London, I called upon Mr. Ford, the London agent of the Cunard line of steamers, for the purpose of securing a passage on board the steamship Cambria to Boston, United States. On inquiring the amount of the passage, I was told £40 19s. 0d. I inquired further, If a second class passage could be obtained? He answered, No; there was but one fare, all distinctions having been abolished. I then gave him £40 19s. 0d. and received from him in return a ticket entitling me to berth No. 72, on board the steamship Cambria, at the same time asking him if my colour would prove any barrier to my enjoying all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other passengers? He said No. I then left the office, supposing all well, and thought nothing more of the matter until this morning, when, in company with a few friends, agreeably to public notice, I went on board the Cambria with my luggage, and on inquiring for my berth, found, to my surprise and mortification, that it had been given to another passenger, and was told that the agent in London had acted without authority in selling me the ticket. I expressed my surprise and disappointment to the Capiain, and inquired what I had better do in the matter. He suggested my accompanying him to the office of the agent in Water street, Liverpool, for the purpose of ascertaining what could be done. On stating the fact of my having purchased the ticket of the London agent, Mr. McIver, (the Liverpool agent,) answered, that the London agent, in selling me the ticket, had acted without authority, and that I should not go on board the ship *unless I agreed to take my meals alone, and not to mix with the Saloon company, and give up the berth for which I had paid.* Being without legal remedy, and anxious to return to the United States, I have felt it due to my own rights as a man, as well as to the honour and dignity of the British public, to lay these facts before them, well knowing that the British public will pronounce a just verdict on such proceedings.

I have travelled in this country nineteen months, and have *always* enjoyed equal rights and privileges with other passengers, and it was not until I turned my face towards America, that I met with anything like proscription on account of my colour.

Yours, respectfully,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

From the London Times, April 8.

The tyranny complained of in a letter signed "Frederick Douglass," which appeared in our paper of Tuesday, ought not to be allowed to pass in this country without some public expression of disapprobation and disgust at a proceeding wholly repugnant to our English notions of justice and humanity. A highly respectable gentleman of colour, after visiting England, being about to return to America, had taken and paid for a berth in the steamship Cambria, when, on going on board with his luggage, he is informed that the accommodation he had purchased for himself had been allotted to another passenger. On seeking for an explanation of this piece of manifest dishonesty, for it is certainly dishonest to take a sum of money and refuse to perform the condition on which it has been received, the aggrieved person was told that if he wished to go by the ship he must take his meals alone, forego mixing with the company in the saloon, and relinquish to another the berth he had paid to secure. The plain fact of the matter appears to be, that Mr. Douglass being a man of colour, was not allowed to go out on an equal footing with the rest of the passengers on board the Cambria. It signifies very little to us how contemptible the Americans may make themselves by the prejudices they act upon in their own country, and it concerns, perhaps, none but themselves, that they should present the anomaly of a nation talking largely of equality and liberality while practically drawing one of the meanest and most senseless distinctions that it is possible to conceive. The shame is theirs alone of giving the lie to their own boasted theory of freedom both in action and opinion, by the habitual exercise of the most despotic restraint over the former in the case of the coloured population, and the subjugation of the latter in their own case to a most paltry prejudice.—We are unfortunately compelled to witness in some points a deviation on the part of America from those general principles of enlightenment which are acknowledged by the people of every other civilized nation in the world. We, however, are not in any way bound to tolerate the introduction into this country of any of the degrading peculiarities of society in the United States, nor can we observe with calm indifference any tendency to import among us prejudices utterly at variance with our feelings and character. We, therefore, do not refrain from expressing our most intense disgust at the conduct of the agents of the Cambria, in having succumbed to a miserable and unmeaning assumption of skin-deep superiority by the American portion of their passengers. We do not know who the over-sensitive individuals may have been that feared contamination in taking out a person of colour as a fellow-passenger in the Cambria, but we cannot believe them to have been superior either in education, position, or refinement, either natural or acquired, to the average run of our English Colonial Governors. The latter, though acting as the representatives of her Majesty, do not refuse to receive at their tables the class of gentlemen whom American nicety will not admit even into equal participation of the advantages of a public conveyance, which is free to all except in the land making special claim to freedom.

It is one of the most inexcusable aggravations of the gross injustice of the case we have been alluding to, that the ship in which Mr. Douglass had paid for the berth he was not allowed to occupy, on account of his colour, belongs to a partly English company, which draws an immense sum of English money annually for its conveyance of the mail, and is otherwise greatly indebted to English connection. Common decency should have taught the agents of the Cambria not to offend our notions of justice and common sense for the sake of truckling to an unworthy prejudice of our transatlantic neighbours.—Mr. Douglass had, by his sojourn and reception in this country, earned at least some title to be regarded as not unfit to mix in the society of a vessel accessible to the public in general. The breach of the contract entered into with him seems to us as dishonourable, as the prejudice against him is ignorant and contemptible.

From the London Spectator, April 10th.

INVIOLABILITY OF PERSONAL FREEDOM UNDER BRITISH AUTHORITY.

The officers of the company to whom the mail-steamer Cambria belongs, are charged with a gross violation of property. Mr. Frederick Douglass, an emancipated American slave, has been over to this country on a visit of anti-slavery agitation. Wishing to return to the United States, he went to the London office of the Company, and secured a berth in the Cambria. He applied for a second-class place; but was told that all distinctions were abolished, and that his colour would be no impediment to him; and he paid first-class fare. When he went on board, however, he found that his berth had been given away to some one else; and as a condition of his going on board, he was obliged to promise that he would not take his meals or associate with the other passengers. The object of this stipulation, it needs not be explained, was to protect the American passengers against the company of a person of colour.

For the maintenance of the bad feeling which so disgraces the Republicans, the Anti-Slavery agitators are in part blameable. They have invoked religious bigotry; they have used violent and coarse language; they have threatened servile war and social revolution. They have attempted to meet dogma with dogma, intolerance with intolerance. There are, no doubt, grave inconveniences in the practice of "fraternizing"; and it would be just, as well as judicious, to smooth rather than exasperate those difficulties.

But Englishmen will not consent to adopt or sanction the opposite practice, that of social oppression. In England we do not recognize the Yankee dogma that the negro is an inferior animal. Even if he were of a different species,—which is at least an assumption not borne out by clear evidence,—even if his natural powers were not equal to those of the Caucasian, it does not follow that it is justifiable to oppress him. He is at all events a fellow-creature. If he is a different animal, he is an animal that speaks; at least anthropomorphous, he merits the sympathy and respect of man. The negro and the Caucasian have children in common, even in the United States: now such a commerce is either lawful on the score of that common humanity, and is à fortiori an acknowledgment of companionhood, or it is a crime. In England we regard the oppression of the negro with pain; we repudiate it as inconsistent with Christian doctrine and civilized morals. If the citizens of the United States cannot abide the negro to come between the wind and their nobility, let them keep aloof. In this country we do not admit that compulsory association which seems to be tolerated in America—we leave individuals free to do as they please towards individuals; and persons engaged in the public service of this country ought to know that they will not be permitted to degrade the British authority by violating the national sense of moral rectitude. No Ministry would so disgrace itself as to continue its countenance to any commercial body acting in that way.

From the London Weekly Dispatch, April 10, 1847.

DISGRACEFUL PREJUDICE AGAINST A MAN OF COLOUR.

During the last nineteen months, an American, of the name of Frederick Douglass, and who is a man of colour, has been travelling as a public lecturer in England. From all that we can learn, he has conducted himself in a perfectly honourable, becoming, and creditable manner, ever since he first set foot on these shores; and his lectures, the subject of which was "Slavery in the United States," have been received with favour. Being desirous to return to his native country, he applied to Mr. Ford, the London agent of the Cunard line of steamers, for the purpose of securing a passage on board the steamship Cambria, to Boston, United States. Mr. Ford informed him that the amount for the passage was £40 19s. and that no smaller sum could be taken, as there was no longer a second-class accommodation, all distinctions having been abolished. Mr. Douglass paid the money, received a ticket entitling him to berth No. 72, on board the steamship Cambria, and was assured, in reply to a question put by him, "that his colour would not prove any barrier to his enjoying all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other passengers." Thus far matters went smoothly on. Mr. Douglass repaired to Liverpool, and, in company with some friends, went on board the Cambria with his luggage. On inquiring for his berth, he was as mortified as surprised to find that it had been given to another passenger. Remonstrating with those in authority, he was coolly and deliberately informed that the London agent had no business to sell him the ticket. Mr. Douglass proceeded at once to the office of Mr. McIver, the Liverpool agent for the Cunard steamers; and this functionary told him "that the London agent, in selling him the ticket, had acted without authority, and that he should not go on board the ship unless he agreed to take his meals alone, not to mix with the saloon company, and to give up the berth for which he had paid!" These facts Mr. Douglass has communicated in a letter to us, winding up his statement in the following manner:—"Being without legal remedy, and anxious to return to the United States, I have felt it due to my own rights as a man, as well as to the honour and dignity of the British public, to lay these facts before them, sincerely believing that the British public will pronounce a just verdict on such proceedings. I have travelled in this country nineteen months, and have always enjoyed equal rights and privileges with other passengers; and it was not until I turned my face towards America, that I met anything like proscription on account of my colour." We are convinced our readers will, one and all, concur in pronouncing this to be a most hard case;—nay, more—a cruel and heartless one. For ourselves, we contemplate it with the deepest indignation, and wish there was a law to punish the people who have dared thus to insult an unoffending fellow-creature. It is pretty clear that the Messrs. Cunard must have issued orders relative to persons of colour, which orders were either unknown to the London agent, or which he, perhaps, deemed too monstrous even to be fulfilled. If the Messrs. Cunard have not issued such orders, then it is evident that Mr. McIver, in Liverpool, has taken upon himself the institution of as savage and brutal a despotism as it was ever our painful duty to expose. Why, such an atrocious proceeding, if enacted in semi-barbarian Russia, would, when made known to the world, raise a yell of execration and generous wrath throughout the British Islands. Of a surety the nerves of the passengers in the Cambria must be very weak, and their antipathies amazingly strong, if they could not brook the company of a man of colour! General Boyer, the late President of Hayti, was a man of colour; and yet he enjoyed an almost sovereign rank. Were the Emperor of Morocco to embark on board a Cunard steamer, no such vile and disgusting conduct would be shown to "his Imperial Majesty!" No—no: a President or an Emperor would be courted, instead of shunned, even though he were blacker than a certain ancient gentleman himself; but a simple citizen is deemed a fitting butt for the most infamous and degrading of prejudices. Every one knows that while the white people represent the devil to be black, the nations of colour depict him as being white,—a proof that the inhabitants of the different regions think their own hue the most orthodox. Who, then, shall dare to say, "My colour is the proper one." GOD created man in his own image; but it is now impossible to say whether Adam and Eve were black or white. It really seems to us a dream that we should be called upon to record so shameful an instance of detestible oppression as this which Mr. Frederick Douglass has experienced. But who were the passengers whose antipathies were so prejudged, and so delicately cared for? They were most likely a mixture of English and Americans. We believe that the white people of the United States have an ineffable objection to associate with the coloured race—a prejudice maintained by the abhorrent system of negro slavery, which is a plague-spot and a stain on a country otherwise possessing many glorious institutions. But we had yet to learn that there was found English persons so besotted and so awfully benighted as to care one fig what colour a man's skin might be, so long as his conduct was becoming and respectable. Mr. Douglass thinks he has no remedy in the case. We believe and hope he has. If Mr. Ford be the accredited agent of the Cunard Company, the Company is clearly responsible for the acts of its servant; and we should advise Mr. Douglass to obtain legal advice on the subject. In the meantime, we sincerely sympathize with him in the treatment he has received, and we hope that he will find the whole British press taking up his cause with the indignant warmth which a perusal of the facts is calculated to provoke.

We know not who is the writer of the following article which we find in the Evening Mirror, but he certainly puts the matter in a very clear light. No doubt the reverend correspondent of the Courier & Enquirer would denounce him as little better than a blasphemer, for the familiar manner in which he speaks of some things, though the *things* themselves, he,—the Northern man, &c.—defends in defending Slavery:

"The South think it bad policy, bad patriotism and bad manners on the part of the North, to ask them to give up slaveholding, after they have, in the most distinct, unequivocal, and solemn manner, intimated that they will terminate their slaveholding and their mortal existence simultaneously. They habitually take others at their word, and think that it belongs to *good manners* so to do."

How far it is politic for freemen to surrender their liberty, I shall not now stop to discuss, nor how far it is patriotic, nor what idea of patriotism the man can have who supposes this country to be only a league of independent sovereignties. I have culled the above gem from a two column letter of the Courier & Enquirer's pro-slavery correspondent, because it illustrates so beautifully the line of Horace,

"Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt."

There certainly is in our country, (*not* among Northerners only, as I can testify from my own personal experience,) a reprehensible and ungentlemanly tendency to mind other peoples' business. Thereupon the "Northern man with," &c. rushes to the conclusion that it is inconsistent with good manners for one gentleman to find fault with anything that another gentleman chooses to do.

Perhaps we make the point clearer by taking some hypothetical illustrations from private life. If Smith keeps a mistress or two, it is no business of mine, so long as he does not make love to my wife. If Brown forgets to pay his tailor, so much the worse for the Schneider, but I am not called on to interfere, while Brown's pecuniary obligations to myself are punctually discharged. My duty as a Christian prompts me to reprove these men *tacitly* by my own example; it requires of me nothing more. But let us introduce a new element into our hypothesis. Suppose we are Smith, Benson, & Co.; Smith's extravagances have given the firm a bad reputation, business men shake their heads, and our paper is at a discount. We remonstrate with our partner, and urge the propriety of his becoming more steady, and reducing his establishment. Smith turns round on us with his hands in his pockets, "Sir, I mean to keep my woman and my fast trotter, and to play *vingt-un* as much as I please. As to changing my course, I tell you in the most distinct, unequivocal, and solemn manner, that I'll see you d——d first; and I shall consider it very bad manners, if you allude any more to the subject."

Now this is precisely a parallel case. Slavery and its concomitants, lynch law and the suppression of free discussion, have disgraced us in the eyes of the civilized world. What American has travelled in Europe without having them thrown in his teeth? To be sure, if he is disposed to adopt the *tu quoque* style, he may retort—"your peasantry are as badly off as our slaves," but then comes the response—"Admitting this to be true, (and it is by no means a self-evident proposition,) we do not shut our eyes to the existence of this evil; we own it with shame and sorrow, and try to mitigate it; but you are continually boasting to be the only free people in the world, while this great political question is absolutely *tabood* among you." "But we have no power over Slavery in the Southern States, and no right to interfere with it." "Of course not; but your Federal Government has power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia and the United States Territories." Certainly it has, and this is all the Northerners have tried to do. They have not tried to interfere with Slavery in the particular States; and therefore all the "Northern man's" profuse essay upon the sovereign independence of Virginia, (even allowing it to be constitutional authority, which may be doubted,) is utterly irrelevant—a fine erratic flourish, without any possible bearing on the point at issue.

To be sure, we may draw a conservative argument in favour of leaving alone Slavery in the District of Columbia, from the fact of its existence there, the *prima facie* evidence being for things as they are, and the *onus probandi* on him who proposes a change; but if this consideration makes *for* the continuance of Slavery there, it tells equally *against* its extension into new territories, where it does not now exist. In fact, almost all the "Northern man's" high positions may be turned upon him, and I for one, make bold to tell him—"I intimate to you, Sir, in the most distinct, unequivocal, and solemn manner, that I will terminate my liberty of speech and my mortal existence simultaneously;" and if you think that I will silently acquiesce in our national disgrace, out of *courtesy* to a Northern renegade, like yourself, who has not even the excuse that his sin was entailed upon him by his ancestors, you have much mistaken your man in

CARL BENSON."

From the Philadelphia Daily Ledger.

MANNERS AND MORALS.

Some *sage*, who calls himself "a Northern man with Southern citizenship," is writing long articles in the New-York Courier & Enquirer, upon the differences between North and South, which are probably designed for an argument in favour of Slavery in new territories. He addresses them to Hon. George B. Marsh, Representative in Congress, from Vermont. He started with saying that while *morals* ruled at the North, *manners* ruled at the South; and before he got through the third number, he proved, as *direct consequences* of these two positions, that of the two, the Southern people were *the most religious*, and the Northern people *the best bred!* What he will prove as he gets along, as direct consequences from and conflicting with his premises, we know not, nor he either—perhaps. But while he is engaged in his *logical* labours, we commend to his especial attention, a case of recent occurrence in New Orleans.

On the 30th ultimo, the Coroner of New Orleans held an inquest on the body of a negro boy, a runaway, whose name was unknown, and who was found dead in the jail at Algiers. The boy had been severely whipped, and left without medical aid for five or six days; and the verdict was, "death from the effects of excessive flogging." We wish that the "Northern man with Southern citizenship," would tell us, in his next number, whether this case belongs to the category of morals, religion, or manners. The unknown boy was a runaway. This means that he was imprisoned on suspicion of being a runaway. He was not probably beaten by his master, for he would probably have carried him home for the purpose, and had *some* interest in his life. Was he beaten by the jailor? And if so, do the laws of Louisiana arm jailors with *such* power? Whether the case belong to manners, morals, or religion, they are of a quality which do not flourish at the North.

TESTIMONY OF WESLEYANS AGAINST THE WAR AND THE ILLUMINATION.

The following resolutions on the Mexican war, were adopted unanimously by the First Wesleyan Church, in King street, New-York, at the regular monthly meeting, May 3d, 1847:

1st. That it is against the principle of the Word of God, and the law of humanity, for a Christian nation to engage in war, unless it be strictly in self-defence.

2d. That we view with mourning and horror the great slaughter of the Mexicans, as well as Americans, and especially of defenceless women and children, in the recent battles and sieges against Mexico, and that every consideration of humanity, justice, and duty, call upon our Government to stay the farther progress of these desolations, and to offer peace at once, on terms of the most complete generosity and forbearance.

3d. That all Christians, Christian ministers, churches, and individuals, are called upon to use all their influence, in every proper way, to arrest the progress of this war, and to bring it to an immediate end; and especially that we are bound to beseech God that he would grant us repentance and forgiveness for past guilt, would interpose to save us from the commission of further injustice, and our enemies from suffering, and that he would dispose the Government of each country to forgiveness and peace.

4th. That it is with much grief and sorrow, we learn that our fellow-citizens are about to rejoice over the sighs and groans of those who have fallen on the field of blood. That as Christians we cannot unite or participate, but feel called upon, in the name of a just and righteous God, solemnly to protest against such unholy rejoicings.

WM. GIBSON, Sec'y.

From the Petersburgh, (Va.) Intelligencer, May 1.

THE OUTBREAK IN ACCOMAC.

We learn from a good source that Accomac Court House was, on the election day, the scene of a great and singular excitement. It seems that the Methodist denomination in that county are divided as to a choice between attaching themselves to the Northern or southern division of that Church, and that this question became an issue in the canvass.

Our informant says that about 3 o'clock on the day of election, when Gen. Bayly was running far ahead of his competitor, Mr. Jones, and had received the votes of most of those who preferred the Southern Conference, the advocates of the northern division of the Church made their appearance at the polls, and began to cast their votes rapidly for Gen. Bayly. The friends of the Southern Conference, on seeing this, charged Gen. Bayly, or his friends with betraying the South by courting both parties, and immediately several blows were aimed at Gen. B. which fortunately, by the interposition of friends, were warded off. The excitement during the remainder of the day and night was very great, and at the close of the polls Gen. Bayly left the Court-House, guarded by his friends.

It is proper we should mention that our informant stated that Mr. Jones exonerated Gen. Bayly from the charge of tampering with the friends of the North. That his friends did it, is proved by the fact that Mr. Poulson, a Democrat of the first water, and who has represented that Senatorial District, as well as the county, in the House of Delegates, refused to vote for Gen. Bayly, on the ground of the support which these Abolitionists gave him.

Mr. Custis, a Democratic member elect of the House of Delegates from the county of Accomac, is said to be an advocate of the northern division of the Methodist Church. If this be true, it is a singular spectacle to behold in Virginia. When we remember the question which divided the Church—when we reflect that some of the purest and ablest men of the South would not sit in the General Conference of the Church because of the constant agitation in that body of the question of Slavery, it is wonderful that a slaveholding county in Virginia should consent to be represented in the Councils of the State by a friend of the opponents of Slavery.

The Enquirer was very anxious to get a pledge from Mr. Botts in regard to the Wilmot Proviso, and we shall expect to hear its voice lifted up in indignant rebuke of the Democracy of Accomac.

SLAVEHOLDERS OR PLAY-ACTORS, WHICH ARE THE GREATEST SINNERS.

To Joseph Bewley, Jonathan Pim, James Perry, Richard Allen, Henry Russell, and others, the Rentral Relief Committee of the Society of Friends in Ireland.

DEAR FRIENDS—It is known to you, that in the United States, three millions of your fellow-creatures are, "to *all* intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever," held and used as "CHATTELS PERSONAL;" they are compelled to live without marriage, in a state of prostitution; their domestic relations are entirely unheeded and unprotected; they have no control over their offspring, but must yield them up, as soon as born, to be reared for the market; it is a highly penal offence to teach them to read; they are taught that there is a God and an eternal state, only with a view to enhance their value in the market; their bodies and souls, their time here and their prospects of eternity, are sunk in the pecuniary profit of their reputed owners.

Who perpetrates these unparalleled sins against God, and these terrible outrages upon your fellow-men? Every man in America who owns or hires a slave; and every man who apologizes for Slavery, or sanctions the Christianity and social respectability of slaveholders.

Eleven thousand pounds have recently come to you from the United States of America, to be appropriated by you to the relief of the starving poor of Ireland. Two thousand five hundred pounds of this money came from the cities of Baltimore and Charleston, known by you to be slave-breeding, slave-trading, and slaveholding communities. On the 25th of March you met in committee, and after some discussion as to the propriety of receiving money from such communities, you concluded to take it, and to appropriate it according to the expressed wish of the donors—Richard Allen and Henry Russell protesting against the reception. Thus, as a committee, you stand before the world as the almoners of known and acknowledged slave-breeding and slave-holding communities.

The next day, March the 26th, an order for seventy pounds came to you through the hands of Lord John Russell, the proceeds, in part, of a benefit at the Queen's Theatre, got up by ladies in London, for the purpose of raising funds to relieve the starving Irish. You were summoned to meet at 4, P. M. to consider whether you should receive the proceeds of a theatre, and become the almoners of its patrons. You at once voted to send back that money. And you did so for this very sufficient reason, that by recieving it, you would join hands with play-actors, help to support "nurseries of debauchery and wickedness," and countenance practices "wholly unbecoming a people under the Christian profession, and contrary to the tenor of the doctrine of the Gospel."—[*See Friends' Book of Discipline.*] Men, women, and children were starving to death before your eyes, crying, "give us bread, bread." Means came to your hands to feed them. In this dilemma, you virtually resolved yourselves into an Anti-Theatre Committee, and said, we cannot receive money from such a source, and thus countenance play-houses, even to save our fellow-men from death by famine."

I object not to your sending back the proceeds of the theatre. In doing so, you evinced fidelity to principle, and a determination not to become accessories to practices which you believe to be the source of great and extensive immorality. But have you no testimony against Slavery? Why did you not send back the money which came to you from slaveholding communities?

You may say:—"*The money from Baltimore and Charleston did not come to us as the proceeds of the slave auction; and we are not advised that it was contributed by slaveholders.*" But you *knew* that it came from communities where slave-breeding, slave-trading, and slaveholding, constitute the great sources of wealth—where not only the luxuries, but the necessaries of life are principally obtained by making merchandize of men, and by the unrequited toil of slaves. You knew, or *ought* to have known, that in Maryland and South Carolina, of which States Baltimore and Charleston are the commercial capitals, Slavery is the avowed "corner-stone of their social and civil institutions," and enters into *all* the arrangements of social and domestic life; and that slaveholding, or an approval of it, is essential to preferment and respectability in Church and State; and that open opposition to Slavery subjects a man to stripes, imprisonment, and death by lawless violence. How, then, can you justify yourselves on the ground that you do not know that the money came from slaveholders? May it not be "reasonably suspected" to have come from them? You rejected the money that came labelled from a number of play-actors and their patrons. Why should you receive money that comes labelled, *virtually*, from a community of slaveholders and their abettors? Suppose that these two thousand five hundred pounds came to you from a known community of pirates, among whom there were some that did not participate *directly* in their guilty deeds, but yet who sanctioned them by silence or otherwise, would you take the money? Or from a community of sheep-stealers, where sheep-stealing entered into all the arrangements of society, and constituted the passport to respectability and influence—as man-stealing does in Charleston and Baltimore. Would you accept money from such a community of sheep-stealers? You surely would not—you dare not—though you knew there were those among them who took no part in the crime, except by encouraging it by silence and verbal apologies.

But you may argue, *that men whose love of gold could lead them to perpetrate the crime of Slavery, would not be likely to bestow their gains in charity; and that therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the money received from Baltimore and Charleston, comes from that portion of these communities who do not hold or employ slaves.* The fact that slaveholders live by perpetrating crimes so foul and unnatural, is the very reason why they would contribute to feed the starving Irish. They hail this as a God-send, and as a longed-for opportunity to blind your eyes, the eyes of the Society of Friends, the eyes of Great Britain, and of the whole world to their *injustice*, by a display of *charity* on a gigantic scale. They will "make capital," as we say in the United States, out of Irish poverty and distress, in order to win golden opinions of all men, and to establish a character for humanity and philanthropy, which will prove a tower of strength to their cherished "*institution*" of Slavery. Their charity to the starving Irish will be an off-set to their abolition of marriage, and to their traffic in slaves and the souls of men. And they have with characteristic cunning, selected the *Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends*, composed of men of known character and standing, as their almoners; knowing that the character of these almoners would give respectability to the gift and the givers. You have consented to join hands with them, and thus you aid their schemes to maintain a character for benevolence and Christianity, notwithstanding the known atrocity of their mode of life. They seek the reputation of Christians, solely to cover their wickedness. Slaveholders are considered respectable, honest Christians—their ministers teach them that they are so. Abolitionists seek to strip them of this sheep's clothing, and have succeeded, to a great extent, in this kingdom, in Europe, and in the free States of America. They will lavish their ill-gotten gains upon starving Ireland, in order to retrieve their lost standing in the estimation of the world. This conduct of your Committee will tend to blind the minds of the Irish people, and of the whole kingdom, to the enormities of slaveholders. No class of people in existence would give more to relieve the Irish, according to their means, than American slaveholders; they wish to hide the horrors of their conduct, by an outward display of benevolence to the poor and starving in distant lands. The slave at their own doors, cast out of the pale of humanity, and herded with brutes, they see not; for him they care not; and should Joseph Bewley, Jonathan Pim, or any other of your Committee, go to Baltimore or Charleston, avow himself an Abolitionist, plead for the immediate deliverance of the bondsman, and seek to raise him up from slavery to freedom, from the position of the brute to that of man, the very slaveholders with whom you are now in correspondence, would hang him up on the next tree.

You may argue *that the starving Irish are worse off than the American slaves.* I know that this is the opinion of certain persons in this city, who have recently returned from the land of whips and chains, and it is the opinion of all slaveholders and their patrons. Nothing would be more grateful to them than to hear you admit this. It is just what they have repeatedly asserted. To silence or neutralize the effect of all remonstrances against them from this kingdom, the slaveholders have ever pointed to your own poor, and said, "Go, feed them, and elevate their condition, before you affect sympathy for our slaves." Is there need of an answer to this argument? Do you not feel and know that there can be no comparison between the condition of the American slave and the starving Irish? Is there one of your committee who would not rather die of hunger than be sold as a slave? Is there one of you who would be willing to be saved from famine by seeing his own wife and children sold as slaves?

mittee, and of every Irishman, however destitute he might be. Were *Joseph Bewley* seized by James Adger, of Charleston, and sold at auction, would you take the proceeds to feed the starving? How, then, can you take the price of the African? Is he not equally your brother? Is he not equally a child of God, and an heir of eternity?

Do you say, "*Here are men, women, and children starving to death before our eyes. Money to relieve them comes from communities of slaveholders. Shall we send back the money and let them die?* I know your sympathies are deeply excited for the suffering Irish. You cannot feel too deeply for them. But where was your sympathy for these sufferers, when you rejected the seventy pounds from a number of play-actors and their patrons? You laid them on the altar of your principles. You had a testimony to maintain against theatres, and you nobly adhered to it, against the urgent demands of your sympathies for human suffering. You justly concluded that there were duties resting upon you, paramount to that of feeding the starving. If your testimony against the theatre demands the sacrifice of your sympathy for the *starving*, how much more does your testimony against Slavery demand it?

But you say, *We are not an Anti-Slavery Committee; we cannot turn aside from our business as a Relief Committee, to consider the condition of the slave, and the character of slaveholders!*" Are you, then, an Anti-Theatre Committee? Why did you turn aside from your appropriate business of feeding the starving, to pass a sentence of condemnation upon theatres and those who frequent them? If it was your right and duty to act as an Anti-Theatre Committee; how much more was it your right and duty to act as an Anti-Slavery Committee, in reference to the contributions of slaveholders?

Again you may say, "*We are opposed to Slavery, and by receiving these two thousand five hundred pounds we do not sanction it, nor become the allies of slaveholders.*" I would not be understood to say that you *intend* to sanction Slavery, or to strike hands with slaveholders; but, judged by your own principles, your actions place you in the position of the allies of slave-breeders, and slave-traders, and accessories to the robbery, concubinage, and heathenism of Slavery. For if the reception of the produce of a theatre would make you accessories to the "debauchery and wickedness of the play-house," as you admit it would, surely your reception of the bounty of a community of slave-breeders and slaveholders, makes you accessories to whatever atrocities and pollutions are essential to the existence of Slavery.

Your committee is composed of *Friends*, and you may not merge your principles as Friends in your supposed duties as a Relief Committee. As Friends you say, "Our testimony hath ever been and still is against buying goods *reasonably suspected* to be run." You exhort Friends to be "careful not to deal in goods clandestinely imported, either for sale or private use;" and you urge Friends "duly to consider that by being accessory, in any degree, to the continuance of such unlawful practices, even by buying for private use only, *encouragement is given to perjury and bloodshed, the frequent attendants on smuggling.*" (See *Friends' Book of Discipline, page* 20.) If you give encouragement to "perjury and blood," by buying goods "suspected to be run," how much more do you give encouragement to breeding and selling slaves, to robbery and bloodshed, the unavoidable and uniform attendants on Slavery, by receiving those two thousand five hundred pounds as a Christian charity. Again you say in your Book of Discipline, that "monthly or other meetings ought not to receive collections or bequests for the use of the poor or other services of the society, of persons who have fallen short in the payment of their just debts, though legally discharged by their creditors; *for, until such persons have paid the deficiency, what they possess, cannot in equity be considered their own.*" If this reasoning be valid against receiving collections of such persons, for feeding the poor among Friends, it is also valid against receiving them to feed the poor who do not belong to your society. Surely if it be wrong for you to receive donations of such persons, it is wrong to receive them of slaveholders; for all they possess belong in equity to the slave. Every man who has accumulated wealth by slaveholding is a pauper in the sight of a just God; all he has belongs to the victims of his injustice. The starving people of Ireland have no right to the money given by man-stealers; you have no right to transmit it to them; it belongs to the slave from whom it was stolen, and not to the slaveholder from whom you received it; and whom, with others, you thank for their benevolence. They deserve no thanks. Were John C. Calhoun or Henry Clay to take your children and sell them, and hand you the money to feed the famishing, would you gratefully acknowledge their kindness, and thank them for their Christian benevolence? Why, then, should you acknowledge their kindness when they pour into your coffers the price of your neighbours' children? Let it be remembered that slaveholders can afford to be very hospitable and benevolent—for they live by theft and robbery. All they possess they plundered from the slaves. As Friends, you reject the contributions of insolvent debtors, because by receiving them you become accessory to *injustice*. By receiving the contributions of slaveholders, do you not also become accessory to their tenfold injustice toward their helpless victims?

You may say, *we are not acting as a Society of Friends.* May you then do as a Relief Committee what it would be wrong for you to do as a Society of Friends? As Friends you would not receive "goods reasonably suspected to be run," nor the "collections or bequests" of insolvent debtors, even to feed the starving Irish, *if they belonged to Friends' Society.* As a Relief Committee, can you, without wrong-doing, receive the price of the bodies and souls of men for this object? You had no scruples in acting as Friends when you sent back the proceeds of the theatre. Why then object to act as Friends should, and send back the slave-money?

Nearly a century ago Friends took the position that no slaveholder could be a member of their religious body. There could be no stronger proof of the horror in which they held the system. Friends are known all over the world, by slaveholders and others, as *de facto* an Anti-Slavery Society. Wherever Friends or others are known to be vigorous and earnest in their efforts to overthrow Slavery, the hatred and hostility of the slaveholder is ferocious and deadly. How then can you account for the selection of the slaveholders of Charleston and Baltimore have made of you as their almoners, except upon the ground that they do not believe in the sincerity of your enmity to their unrighteous system, or that they hope to disarm it by the compliment implied in selecting you as the dispensers of their bounty? However you may satisfy your own minds as to the consistency of your course in this matter, you will fail to make it clear to others. It is certain that your conduct in the present instance will destroy the confidence of multitudes in the sincerity of Friends' testimony against Slavery.

Do you say, *The two thousand five hundred pounds from the slave-breeding communities were not given to us, but to the starving Irish?* To whom, then, were the seventy pounds given by the play-actors and their patrons? Yet you found no difficulty in sending that money back; you would not act as their agents to transmit their donations to the objects of their charity. Why do you act as the slave-breeder's agents? Why refuse to return his money? You may say, "As the slaveholder's money did not belong to us, we had no right to return it." To whom did the play-actor's money belong? It was sent to feed the Irish, as was that of the slaveholders; yet you unhesitatingly sent back the one, and retained the other.

Do you ask, *Would you refuse to transmit a donation from a slaveholder to a poor relative, to save him from starvation?* I answer by asking, if you knew that donation to be the price of your own child, would you transmit it? A slaveholder takes Joseph Bewley, sells him for one hundred pounds, hands the money to James Perry, and says, "Be so kind as to transmit this money to my brother in America, who is poor and famishing." Would James Perry accept of such a commission? How then can he, in the Relief Committee, accept, for a similar purpose, money obtained by reducing the Africans to articles of merchandise? Suppose Lord John Russell gets up a benefit at the Queen's Theatre in London, to assist a starving relative in Ireland, and transmits the proceeds to Joseph Bewley to be appropriated, would he receive it? If he would, why will he not receive the proceeds of a benefit got up by a *number* of individuals to relieve their starving brothers and sisters? But he would not receive the donation of Lord John Russell, because he would become accessory to the "debauchery and wickedness of the playhouses," if he did. So would he become accessory to the horrors of the slave-auction and the slave-plantation, if he acted as the slaveholders' almoner.

But you say, *If we may not receive the collections and bequests of slaveholders, neither may we trade in slave-grown sugar or cotton.* So be it; if your dealing in these articles, when raised by slaves, makes you accessory to the theft, robbery, concubinage, and murder essential to the existence of Slavery, as your reception of the proceeds of the play-house would have made you accessory to its "debauchery and wickedness," then, in the name of God and humanity, cease to deal in them. Indeed, I cannot see how those whose religious principles forbid them to deal in goods "*suspected* to be run," and who believe that by buying such goods, "even for their private use, they give encouragement to perjury and bloodshed," can, without guilt, deal in sugar and cotton *known* to be the produce of Slavery. Judged by your own principles as *Friends*, your reception of the slaveholders' money, for purposes of charity, makes you accessories to the enormities of slave-breeding and slave-trading. Allow me to ask, Do you offer the consideration that you may have to give up dealing in slave-grown produce, as a reason why you should not send back the slaveholder's money when presented as a Christian charity; and when, by receiving it, you endorse his character as a benevolent man? Suppose there is in the Isle of Man a community of smugglers. They send you two thousand five hundred pounds to relieve the distresses of your clients. Would you receive that money, lest if you sent it back you would be obliged to cease to deal in their unlawful gains? You have already a testimony against dealing in goods "suspected to be run," although you have none against dealing in slave-grown cotton and sugar; but lest you should, for consistency's sake, have to take up such a testimony, will you persist in the sanction of Slavery implied in your readiness to act as the slaveholders' almoners? Duty plainly calls on you to go *one* mile. Will you refuse to go that mile, lest, when you arrive at the end of it, consistency should require you to go another?

Do you say, *We did not ask the money of the slaveholders: it was a voluntary offering?* Did you ask the money of the play-actors and their patrons? Was not theirs also a free-will offering? Yet you scrupled not to send it back. Why should you scruple on this ground, to return the money of slaveholders? One day you vote to receive and appropriate the proceeds of slave-breeding and slave-trading; and the next, you vote to reject the proceeds of a theatre. You thus declare to the world, as plainly as conduct can declare, that you deem Slavery less sinful than the play-house; and slave-breeders, slave-traders, and their patrons, more tolerable than play-actors and their patrons. Slaveholders, at least, will so interpret your conduct, and I think justly.

By receiving this money from those slave-trading and slave-breeding communities, you will blind your own eyes and the eyes of others to the enormities of American Slavery. You will be in danger of being led to apologise for slaveholders, in order to vindicate your alliance with them. You lose a golden opportunity of striking a mighty blow at American Slavery, and of winning for yourselves the blessings of millions who are now ready to perish.

To relieve some from present starvation, you help to strengthen and perpetuate a system of Slavery that must entail unutterable woe upon the bodies and souls of born and unborn millions. Can you talk of the kindness and humanity of slave-breeders and slaveholders, who live by herding men with brutes; and then doing all in their power to assimilate their minds and character to their condition? I beg of you to SEND BACK THAT MONEY, and to tell the slaveholders to be *just* before they attempt to be *generous*. They cannot feel truly kind and benevolent to the starving Irish while they are unjust and unkind to their slaves. If they say they feel for the Irish while they hold slaves, they are liars, and the truth is not in them. For if they love not their brother whom they have seen, how can they love their brother whom they have not seen?

Dear friends, listen to my remonstrance, I pray you, and SEND BACK THAT MONEY, the product of the unrequited toil of the bondsman, the price of the bodies and souls of men. I have often sat by the hunted, trembling slave, and listened to the story of his wrongs. I cannot think or speak *coolly* or *cautiously* on this subject. The slave's tears are my tears, and his deep unutterable anguish is mine. I honour you for your noble efforts in behalf of the starving people of Ireland, but you do wrong if you relieve them at the expense of the slave. I pray you to feel for those in bonds as bound with them, and to act as if yourselves, your wives, and your children were on the auction-table in the person of the American slave. He receives no sympathy in the community in which he lives, except that which is accorded to an article of merchandise, in proportion to its market value. Imagine what the condition of your wives and children would be, if they were absolutely condemned throughout all time to the incidents and liabilities of goods and chattels, whilst endowed with all the sensibilities and aspirations of human beings; and then see whether, by receiving the contributions of slaveholders, you can conscientiously give your sanction to those who inflict such wrongs upon your fellow-beings. See if you do not place yourselves in the position of those whose hands are "filled with blood;" see if it be not your duty to SEND BACK the proceeds of Slavery, as you have sent back the proceeds of the Theatre.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

DUBLIN, April 4th, 1847.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1847.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

The advocates and friends of the fettered and, down-trodden millions in the United States are hereby notified, that the THIRTEENTH NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in the Marlboro' Chapel, Boston, on TUESDAY, May 25th, at ten o'clock, A. M. and will continue in session for three days, as usual. This is the most attractive and most numerously attended Anti-Slavery anniversary held in any part of the country, during the year. It is hoped and believed, that the approaching meeting will excite unparalleled interest, bring together an overwhelming host of those who have enlisted to the end of the conflict with the Slave-Power, and give an impulse to the cause of impartial liberty that shall be felt in every part of the republic. Be our watchwords—"IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION! NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

Shall the Money be Returned?

We would direct the attention of our readers to the letter in another column, from our esteemed friend, Henry C. Wright, in which was enclosed that to Joseph Bewley, and others, of the Relief Committee, of Dublin, and which we also publish in this number of our paper. It is a severe and merited castigation of the Central Relief Committee. Below, will be found the letter of Richard Allen, to the same Committee, to which we referred last week. These three give us a clear view of the position of our Dublin friends.

For our part, we not only do not agree with the minority of the Committee and Mr. Wright, that the money should be returned, but we much regret that they have been impelled to assume that ground. We are glad when we can find an opportunity to agree with the world, believing that if it sometimes discovers that we are clever fellows, it may be induced to think that Anti-Slavery is not quite so horrible a thing as it is generally supposed to be. In other words, those who can find one point of agreement among themselves are more likely to come to an understanding upon others.

It would be, in itself, of little consequence that the refusal of the Dublin Abolitionists to receive the slaveholders' money, will be made a new occasion of heaping obloquy and contempt upon the Anti-Slavery cause, if an adherence to Anti-Slavery principle required that such a position should be taken; but believing that it does not, we regret that the cause should have a new burden to bear.

We agree with Messrs. Allen, Russell, and their friends, that if the Committee had a right to use any discretion as to the reception of money sent for the relief of their starving countrymen, that of the slaveholders should have been first rejected. For receiving this, and refusing that of a theatrical exhibition, they richly deserve the contempt of all right-minded men. But we think they properly have no discretion in the premises. They are acting simply as agents, and are responsible only for a proper application of the funds placed in their hands. So far as any *moral* responsibility attaches to this agency, it belongs rather to their relation to the suffering people, than to the donors of funds. If they choose to stand thus between the two parties, it is no concern of theirs where money may come from, but it is their duty to see that a proper use is made of it. They have nothing to do with the motives of the donors. They neither affirm nor deny anything of the character of those who put funds into their hands. The only thing they do affirm, and which they are bound to maintain, is that their countrymen are starving, and that they will honestly use for their relief whatever may be given for that purpose. They are the agents for the starving people, and do testify to their wants. But they testify to nothing else. They have, we think, even no right to refuse anything that may be given. They should wait till they are the relieved party, before they have the right to say that they will not receive this or that relief. A man drowning, may say he will not be saved by a wicked man who comes to his assistance, but a by-stander has no right to say that a wicked man, because he is such, shall not save him. Or one who is saving a drowning man, and needs help, has no right to refuse the aid of a third person whose principles or practice in every-day life, he does not approve. Neither does he sanction the bad character of his assistant because he accepts his aid in doing a good act which concerns another rather than either of them.

We take this case to be a very different one from that of receiving the slaveholders' money for the purpose of building churches, though it may be, we think, innocently received for that purpose. If a church which makes anything a test of Christian character, receives such money, she is a hypocritical and false Church. But if she denies fellowship and Christian character to the slaveholder—denies him admittance to her pulpits, if a clergyman, and to her ordinances, if only a layman,—permits her ministers to enter a slaveholder's pulpit only as she would permit them to minister in a Mahomedan mosque or Pagan temple, that he might convert the deluded people to Christianity—and if this position was clearly set forth, and lived up to, and understood,—then she might very safely accept the slaveholders' money, it she could get it. But it is when she does none of these things, and acknowledges the slaveholder to be a Christian, and accepts his money as from a brother in Christ, that she is false to her own professions, and is a perjured church. The Central Committee have placed themselves in just this position, not because they have *accepted* the slaveholders' money, but because they have *refused* that from a theatre. If they assume discretionary power, they should reject all money that comes from evil sources. But those for whom they are acting give them no power to reject any. If indeed they have conscientious scruples as to permitting money from certain sources to pass through their hands, they do wrong in remaining as agents. We honour the scruples of our Dublin friends, and they did well in resigning. But what is to be thought of the consciences of men who cannot receive a trifle from a theatre, but welcome thousands of pounds from men-stealers? We know what to think, though we hardly know what to say.

In short, we think the whole matter lies in a nut shell. One man is starving, and another is willing to give him food. He is not near enough to do this with his own hands, and so sends it to a third person, who consents to transmit whatever may be sent to the starving man. If *he* is willing to receive it, the other has no right to prevent him. In handing him the dollar or the peck of corn, the agent is not bound to ask how it was acquired. If he means to accept money from only certain persons, he should say so at the outset. If any case can probably arise when he and the man for whom he is acting would not agree, then he should not assume such an agency.

In the letters from Dublin, which we lay before our readers, the sinfulness of Slavery is chiefly insisted upon. That, as we take it, is not the real question in dispute. If the Committee and the people were agreed on that point, and the former were certain that the latter would rather starve than accept aid from slaveholders, then the whole matter would wear quite another aspect. But without detaining our readers longer, we will give them Mr. Allen's letter:

To Joseph Bewley, Jonathan Pim, and the other Members of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends.

DUBLIN, 3d mo. 29th, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The right decision of the question brought before us on Fifth-day last, by Henry Russell, that is, whether we shall receive or reject the contributions of the American slaveholding States, appears to me so fraught with future consequences of good or evil, that I cannot rest satisfied without again endeavouring to draw your attention to it, feeling convinced that your determination to accept these contributions needs reconsideration.

I take this step under a deep sense of the serious results which an opposite course would involve. I do not forget that America, including the slave States, has been awakened to feelings of sympathy towards our suffering millions, which have spread with wonderful rapidity. I know that Henry Clay, the prince of orators and of slaveholders, has raised his eloquent and potent voice in favour of our suffering countrymen; and that M'Duffie, Calhoun, and other eminent slaveholders, unite in this career of benevolence with the purest and best spirits of that land.

I am aware of the vast extent to which these appeals will be probably responded to—that thousands of pounds in money, and ship-loads of provisions will be the result, and that they come to us for the purpose of saving the lives of our starving people. I think I can also anticipate the reaction which our refusal to receive those contributions will probably excite—that the swell of sympathy will fearfully recoil at such a cutting rebuke—that the slave States will be thoroughly convulsed—that rage will take the place of apparent gentleness—cursing, of blessing—that we may have to bear a great amount of obloquy both at home and abroad—that our motives will be impugned—that we shall be called hypocrites, and accused of aggravating the dreadful state of misery in this country.

But, I ask, is all this to be considered, if principle point the way? The question at issue is simply this, *shall we accept the money sent by slaveholding communities, even to save our countrymen from starvation?* My answer is, that nobody acquainted with the state of society where Slavery prevails, can doubt but that the money sent by such communities is mainly from slaveholders, and that in receiving it, we shall ratify their character for Christian benevolence to an extent dishonouring to Christianity, and detrimental to the cause of the slave.

In the State of South Carolina, of which Charleston is the capital, the white population numbers about two hundred thousand, whilst there are about three hundred thousand slaves. One of the inevitable results of Slavery is to make labour disreputable; that which is done by the slave under the stimulus of the lash is considered degrading employment by the white freeman. The consequence is, that all the whites who have any ambition, are constantly endeavouring to raise themselves so far as to be able to employ slaves to do their work.—There is also in the slave States, a large class of low white men, generally idle, drunken, and dissolute, who are ever ready for all kinds of wicked and turbulent conduct, including the *lynching* of Abolitionists. If we consider this state of things for a moment, we shall see that the greater portion of the money that comes from South Carolina in particular, *must* come from slaveholders. To affect ignorance of this fact, or to deny it, were absurd.

Let us recollect too, that South Carolina is the land of Calhoun and M'Duffie, Statesmen who have staked their political existence on the maintenance and perpetuation of Slavery; who have hugged it to their bosoms, and, with the concurrence of the whole white population of their native State, have denounced abolition as fanaticism; who have offered rewards for the heads of many of those who labour for the overthrow of Slavery, and have threatened with death all who dare to teach the slave to read. At this very hour they uphold with all their might the atrocious system, and at the same time, they not only express, with all the eloquence in their power, their sympathy for the sufferings of Irishmen, but contribute a share of their iniquitous gains—the price of blood—to save life here, whilst they crush the very soul out of the unhappy and degraded negro. Shall we accept such money, or shall we indignantly reject it?

In the discussion which took place the other day, when I attempted to give the Committee a definition of what Slavery is, my offer was at once rejected; all said they were fully aware of its atrocity. I made the offer because I believe few fully appreciate its wickedness. I know that, strong as is my abhorrence of Slavery, I have not a full appreciation of it; it is too intensely wicked to be readily comprehended. Amongst the many attempts that have been made to delineate it, I know of none more powerful than that conveyed in the decision of Judge Ruffin, of North Carolina, as given in a volume of Reports in slave cases, by Jacob D. Wheeler, a United States barrister. The judgment was pronounced in the year 1829, and in reference to the relation of master and slave, he speaks as follows:—

"This has indeed been assimilated at the bar to the other domestic relations; and arguments drawn from the well-established principles, which confer and restrain the authority of the parent over the child, the tutor over the pupil, the master over the apprentice, have been pressed upon us. The court does not recognize their application. There is no likeness between the cases. They are in opposition to each other, and there is an impassable gulf between them. The difference is, that which exists between freedom and slavery—and a greater cannot be imagined. In the one, the end in view is the happiness of the youth, born to equal rights with that governor on whom the duty devolves of training the young to usefulness, in a station which he is afterwards to assume among freemen. To such an end, and with such a subject, moral and intellectual instruction seem the natural means; and for the most part, they are found to suffice. Moderate force is superadded, only to make the others effectual. If that fail, it is better to leave the party to his headstrong passions, and the ultimate correction of the law, than to allow it to be immoderately inflicted by a private person. With Slavery, it is far otherwise. THE END IS THE PROFIT OF THE MASTER, HIS SECURITY, AND THE PUBLIC SAFETY; THE SUBJECT, ONE DOOMED IN HIS OWN PERSON, AND THOSE OF HIS POSTERITY, TO LIVE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, AND WITHOUT THE CAPACITY TO MAKE ANYTHING HIS OWN, AND TO TOIL THAT ANOTHER MAY REAP THE FRUITS. What moral considerations shall be addressed to such a being, to convince him of what it is impossible but that the most stupid must feel and know can never be true; that he is thus to labour upon a principle of natural duty, or for the sake of his own personal happiness? Such services can only be expected from one who has no will of his own; who surrenders his will in implicit obedience to that of another. Such obedience is the consequence only of uncontrolled authority over the body. There is nothing else which can operate to produce the effect. The power of the master must be absolute, to render the submission of the slave perfect. *I most freely confess my sense of the harshness of this proposition. I feel it as deeply as any man can. And as a principle of moral right, every person in his retirement must repudiate it.* But in the actual condition of things it must be so. There is no remedy. *This discipline belongs to the state of Slavery. They cannot be disunited, without abrogating the rights of the master, and absolving the slave from his subjection.* It constitutes the curse of Slavery to both bond and free portions of our population. But it is inherent in the relation of master and slave. That there may be particular instances of cruelty and deliberate barbarity, where in conscience the law might properly interfere, is most probable. The difficulty is to determine, where a *court* may properly begin.—Merely in the abstract, it may well be asked, which power of the master accords with right? The answer will probably sweep away all of them. But we cannot look upon the matter in that light. The truth is, that we are forbidden to enter upon a train of general reasoning on the subject. We cannot allow the right of the master to be brought into question in the courts of justice. The slave, to remain a slave, must be made sensible that there is no appeal from his master; that his person is, in no instance, usurped, but is conferred by the laws of man, at least, if not by the law of God. The danger would be great indeed, if the tribunals of justice should be called on to graduate the punishment appropriated to every temper, and every dereliction of menial duty. No man can anticipate the many and aggravated provocations of the master, which the slave would be constantly stimulated by his own passions, or the instigation of others, to give; or the consequent wrath of the master, prompting him to bloody vengeance upon the turbulent traitor; a vengeance generally practised with impunity, by reason of its privacy. The court, therefore disclaims the power of changing the relation in which these parts of our people stand to each other."

In this country, our fellow-beings so often come before us clad in rags and supplicating for charity, that we think it impossible they can be in a worse condition; but let us remember that a bad state of things in one place is no excuse for a worse in another—that Slavery is not the less wicked or the less hateful, because of the wretchedness and degradation of the Irish peasant. As to drawing a comparison between the Irish peasant in all his misery, and the slave, despoiled of his rights and made an article of merchandise. I leave it to those who have the heart to draw it. We must look at man—his rights—his privileges—his equality; we must think of him as formed (marred as he is by the fall) in the image of his Creator—as the dwelling-place of the spirit of Jehovah—as made a little lower than the angels, and destined to a glorious immortality, before we can appreciate somewhat of the inexpressible wickedness of the system which makes him a chattel, robs him of his manhood, condemns him to heathen darkness, forbids him the use of the Bible, employs every possible means to degrade and deprave him, and classes him fully and unequivocally with the beasts that perish. Every opportunity should be taken to testify against this wickedness.

But it is pleaded that the slaveholder is not so bad as we represent him; that having been trained up to the system, he does not see its iniquity. This apology is flatly contradicted by the professions he makes of attachment to Christianity and to republican institutions—and everybody knows how consistent are these with Slavery. Although every slaveholder may not be so stern yet true a painter of the terrible system as Judge Ruffin, he is nevertheless sensible of its enormity, and his plea is that of expediency—he loves the gains of their unrequited toil too well, to be willing to liberate his slaves.

What then is our duty towards him in this matter? Shall we, by accepting his blood-stained contributions to the sacred cause of suffering humanity, stamp him with the seal of Christian-fellowship; or by firmly yet kindly rejecting the money, as that to which he has no claim, and which belongs to his down-trodden brother, shall we teach him his true position? Most assuredly I believe the latter to be our right course. Great are our responsibilities to the slave,—still greater those we owe to the master. The former is an innocent sufferer,—the latter stands on the brink of an awful gulf—his attitude is one of defiance to his Maker. Let us beware how we do anything which may cause him to apply the flattering unction to his soul, that this Committee are willing to recognize him as a benefactor to our countrymen, and that we will take his money and bear no testimony against his sins.

In order fully to realize the guilt of slaveholding, we should apply the case to ourselves or our own locality; we should query would we receive the money if it were the produce of the sale, or the unrequited and forced toil of our wife, our children, or of one of the members of our committee.

In 1840, the London Anti-Slavery Convention, which included many Friends, passed a resolution fully conveying their sense of the opposition between slaveholding and Christianity. Since that time, slaveholders have had again and again to writhe under such just denunciations, and they can no longer plead ignorance of the estimation in which their conduct is held by nations that make any pretensions to Christianity or civilization. Slaveholding now stands branded before the world in its anti-Christian enormity. Can we take this money without contravening the salutary action?

Let us now look at our position as a Committee composed of the Society of Friends. For about eighty years, our stand on the subject of Slavery has been professedly firm and decided. Even at an earlier period it was nobly evinced in the case of John Woolman, who records in his journal that he has lain out in the fields a whole night, rather than accept the hospitality of a slaveholder.

Can we accept this money and honestly uphold our testimony?

We cannot too strongly bear in mind the nice feeling which has always characterized our society in refusing to handle money from doubtful or tainted sources. This is strictly manifested in our refusal to receive contributions, for society purposes, from those who have not paid their debts, holding, as we do, that the creditors have a prior claim on the property of the defaulting party. A still more striking instance, bearing on the present question, will be found in our having declined taking charge of the distribution of £70 lately forwarded us by Lord John Russell, as part of the proceeds of a benefit at the Queen's Theatre, for the purpose of saving the lives of our poor countrymen. How can we consistently receive the one and reject the other? Is the money obtained from the theatre more tainted in our view than the proceeds of Slavery?

I think some of our Committee are fearful of taking too high a stand, and do not feel themselves sufficiently clear to do so; some of them may deal in the produce of slave-labour, and perhaps feel as if they cannot wash their hands in innocency. If this be the case, while I rejoice in the existence of a tender conscientious feeling against touching what is believed to be polluted, I do not see what any such scruple has to do with the present question. If we purchase sugar from the slaveholder, we do not thereby guarantee his character—we give him no right-hand of fellowship. But it is far otherwise if we take his money as the genuine fruit of charity. We then in degree justify, as I apprehend, his pretensions to genuine kindness and compassion.

In concluding these hasty remarks, I again entreat my fellow members to weigh this matter thoroughly. The more I reflect upon it, the more important in my view does our action in this matter become. Trifling as it may seem to some, our decision may be fraught with good or evil to future generations. To come to a right appreciation of the bearings of the question, let us consider how terribly Slavery demoralizes the slaveholder; how completely irresponsible power turns men and women into demons, how every feeling of humanity is laid prostrate before it. On the other hand, if we turn to the poor slave—its effect on him is to blot out the feelings of humanity within him, to degrade him to a level with the brute, to refuse him access to the light of revelation, to deny his claim to happiness here, and to darken his hopes of immortal life hereafter.

Your friend,

RICHARD ALLEN.

A Slaveholder's Insanity.

A curious case has lately been tried in the County Court of Prince George's county, (Md.) which goes far to show what constitutes insanity at the South, though the jury could not agree on a verdict. It was brought by the heirs of the late John Townsend, of that county, against the validity of the will of the testator. The story is told by the Marlborough Gazette, as follows:

In this will, the testator has liberated all his slaves—about fifty in number—and devised to them his lands and other property—and made provision that, in the event of *any* obstacle in the law to defeat this object, the negroes should become the slaves of his nephew, Jeremiah Townsend, who should accept from them *one cent* per year for hire. A large number of witnesses were examined to prove that the testator laboured under delusion, in regard to the subject of religion, such as supposing he held converse with God in person; that he was the only sanctified man on earth—a spiritual body, &c. The witnesses stated a number of incidents related by the testator in his lifetime, in which he declared he had held arguments and conversations, face to face with God—receiving commands from his Maker, &c one of which commands was to liberate his slaves, on penalty of being punished hereafter. On the other part it was shown that Mr. Townsend was shrewd at a bargain, and quite rational on all subjects but religion. That he was a charitable man and a good neighbour; refusing to go to law on any subject, preferring to give up claims rather than do so—that he had a great repugnance to settling disputes of boundary, &c. by law; and would, after consulting his "talking mind," (as he sometimes called God,) give up parts of claims and pieces of land.

If John Townsend had never shown any other sign of insanity than professing to talk face to face with his Maker, we doubt if his will would have ever been contested. The mischief was that he received such unreasonable commands, and saw fit to obey them. To restore fifty human beings to themselves, instead of willing them to other people, when they would probably bring, under the hammer, twenty-five thousand dollars, would be accounted as stark staring madness almost anywhere in the United States. The evidence even produced to prove his sanity is extraordinary. We should suppose that a Maryland jury would have given a verdict in behalf of the heirs without leaving their seats, when it was shown that he would rather give up his land than expend twice its value by going to law to prove his title, in addition to his wild notions that God means that every man should hold possession of his own body.

The Anniversary.

The Anniversary Meeting was held according to announcement, at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday morning. That spacious building was crowded in every part where speakers can be heard to advantage. The meeting was the largest we have ever seen at any anniversary, and was pronounced by one who has attended nearly every year almost from the first anniversary, to be the largest ever held. The proceedings commenced at ten o'clock precisely, by the reading of portions of the second and eighteenth chapters of Jeremiah, and some impressive remarks suggested by them by Mr. Garrison. He was followed in prayer, by the Rev. Samuel May, and a brief Report was then read by S. H. Gay. The Treasurer's Report, which shows an unusually favourable condition of the finances of the society, was presented by Francis Jackson. The amount of receipts for the past year have been nearly $9,000, and a small balance remained in the Treasury on the 1st instant.

There was, as usual, a rumour that some disturbance was contemplated, and seemed more than usually probable, as some portion of the city press, and especially the Courier & Enquirer, had endeavoured to create a feeling inimical to Douglass. If these pro-slavery and unprincipled prints, however, promised themselves any such sport, they were grievously mistaken. Not only was there no disturbance, except an occasional hiss,—and as little of that as we remember ever to have heard in any city Convention—but on the contrary, the audience was not only orderly and attentive, but evidently felt a strong interest in the character of the meeting, and were deeply impressed by it. The speeches made, were by Phillips, Garrison, and Douglass. Our readers shall have the pleasure of seeing them in our next paper, *verbatim*, from the notes of Mr. Dyer, the Stenographist, whom we have engaged to report them especially for this paper. We, in common, we have no doubt, with every member of the society, regretted that no time was left for our friend J. W. Walker, of Ohio. A special meeting, however, is to be held on this (Tuesday) evening, at the Apollo, which is to be addressed by Messrs. Walker, Douglass, and Buffum. We go to press too early to permit us to give any farther notice of it. The number of friends from the country in attendance is larger than it has been for several years, and of course the promise of interesting meetings for three days to come, is certain.

Evangelical Alliance.

The American branch of the Evangelical Alliance have held meetings here within the week to perfect their organization. The subject of Slavery met them at the very threshold. The Rev. Mr. Kirk confessed with great simplicity, in one of his speeches, that it is like the "frogs of Egypt," troubling them everywhere. He did not liken himself and his brethren,—and we suppose he did not mean any such thing—to the wicked rulers whom the Lord visited with plagues, but the conclusion is irresistible. We have no time nor room to give a sketch of the interesting debate which has taken place on the Slavery question, but can only state the result.

It first came up under this form:—

5. Inasmuch as the peculiar circumstances of this country seem to demand an expression of sentiment on the subject of Slavery, this Alliance declares that a discrimination is to be made between those who hold slaves, not by their own fault, or for the sake of their own advantage, but from motives entirely benevolent, and those who hold their fellow-creatures in bondage for the sake of gain; and that the former are to be regarded as entitled to fellowship, while the latter cannot be received as members of this Alliance.

Still the one object of the Alliance shall be steadily kept in view, which is not the promotion of temperance nor the removal of Slavery or any other specific evil, however desirable those objects may be in themselves, but the promotion of Christian union and brotherly love.

This, of course, would have admitted everybody, as there are no slaveholders—except possibly here and there some Hope H. *Slaughter*—who are not such from motives of the purest benevolence.

The next day:—

Dr. SCHMUCKER, from the Committee appointed to prepare a preamble to the special declaration of principles by the American Alliance, made a report, (the three first paragraphs of which were adopted in the course of the forenoon,) after setting forth the principles of Union and Liberty, and referring to benevolent movements generally, proposed the following as a substitute for the Fifth Article.

ART. 6. Therefore, all those human institutions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, which violate these rights in any portion of the human family, or which obstruct the performance of any Christian duty, are necessarily sinful, and those who, amid the light and discussions of the present age, either approve of such institutions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, or practice the wrongs which they authorize, or fail to use their utmost influence to abolish them, participate in the guilt. And we feel ourselves required, by fidelity both to God and man, to decline receiving them into this Alliance, while we forbear to pronounce judgment on the religious character of individuals or to withdraw from them our sympathies.

This article, nevertheless, the Tribune reporter says, goes on to express sympathy for those "involved with Slavery, but are endeavouring to be free of it." We have not seen that portion of it, but where the real sympathy of the members of the Alliance was will appear presently.

Previous to this, however, the following amendment was offered to the fifth article by Mr. Chaney:

"After the word that, in the third line, insert the following words: 'Believing the claiming and holding of our fellow-men as property to be wrong and sinful in all circumstances, and directly at war with the precepts of the Gospel, we cannot receive as members of this Alliance those who practice this sin and wrong.'"

All these being postponed, the following substitute was offered by Chief Justice Hornblower, who, when the meetings commenced, seemed to be the only man of note present, who possessed any healthy feeling on the subject of Slavery. His clerical brethren, however, brought him down to the proper standard before the meeting was over. A significant fact is this. A man of great influence comes from a slave State to a Conference of Northern clergymen, to be taught that he is too Anti-Slavery!

Here is his substitute:

"The meeting having freely and fully discussed the fifth article of the proposed additional principles of the American Alliance, and the amendment thereto offered by Rev. Mr. CHANEY, on motion, it was unanimously resolved, as the sense of this Conference, that it is inexpedient to adopt any other principles as the basis of the American Evangelical Alliance than the nine doctrinal articles adopted by the Convention held in London in the month of August last, provided always, and it is hereby unanimously resolved, that the determination of this Conference to refrain from taking any action on the subject of Slavery, and to adhere strictly to the one object of this Evangelical Alliance, namely, the promotion of Christian unity and love, and the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, is not to be allowed or taken as evidence that any member of this Conference is favourable to the institution of Slavery, or feels any indifference upon this subject, or that they can approve, sympathize, or mingle in Christian-fellowship with those who are voluntary slaveholders for their own advantage."

This, it will be perceived, brought them back to the point whence they started. But they had not yet reached that position which should be all that the slaveholders could ask. That they finally settled down upon. This is their declaration, made by Dr. Olin:—

"That while the Evangelical Alliance admits into its bosom such persons only as are respectable members of Evangelical churches, we are, nevertheless, persuaded that the great object of the Association, the promotion of a larger Christian Union may be furthered by a frank expression of our sentiments on the subject of Slavery. We, therefore, declare our deep, unalterable opposition to this stupendous evil, and we hold it to be the duty of all men by all wise and Christian means to seek its entire extirpation and removal from the land. Still the one object of the Alliance shall be steadily kept in view, which is the promotion of Christian Union and brotherly love.

We are very glad to learn that this declaration is not satisfactory to a large number of persons, and that there is a probability of the formation of a new Alliance, which shall exclude slaveholders. We hope, but doubt, that the influence of the leading men of the Orthodox churches can be so far set aside, and their fiat braved.

A Repentant Doctor of Divinity.

The Edinburgh witness says, that Sir Culling Eardley Smith, the Chairman of the meetings, of the Evangelical Alliance in London, has addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, animadverting upon the use of certain expressions in the D

not members of immigrant families. Commissioners are appointed to examine the ships arriving, and the proceeds of the tax are to be expended, under their direction, for the benefit of such immigrants as may need assistance.

☞ We find the following resolutions in the Boston Courier. We have yet to see whether the American Bible Society will venture to send their "incendiary publications" to the South:

Bible for the Slaves.—Resolutions passed by the South Middlesex Conference of churches, on the 21st inst.:

"Resolved, That this Conference most cordially approve of *the enterprise of giving the Holy Scriptures to all the slaves of our country*, and that they do most earnestly request the American Bible Society to enter upon its immediate and vigorous prosecution.

"Resolved, That as members of this Conference, we will render a generous support to the accomplishment of the humane and Christian purpose; and that we hereby urge upon the churches in our connection to make liberal contributions for this particular object.

"Resolved, That in our collections for the Bible cause those who may choose to do so, should be encouraged to appropriate their donations to the 'Slave's Bible Fund.'

"SAMUEL HUNT, Scribe."

To Subscribers.—We sometimes receive a Standard from a subscriber who wishes his paper stopped. We beg all who intend in future to resort to so clumsy a method of letting us know their wishes, to remember that we have on our books some thousands of names, and that the address must be sent us *in full* of any one that is to be erased. Those who will not state distinctly where a paper is sent that is to be stopped, may expect to receive it till they will take that trouble. The proper thing can be always done through the postmaster, if the subscriber is lucky enough to live near one who can write correctly the name of his own office.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XVII.

The Correspondent treateth of Devils.—He praiseth them, but justifieth the Epopee of Poet Barlow from their Error.—State-house, versus Faneuil Hall.—The Young Whigs in the Ascendant.—Mr. Keyes, of Dedham.—How the Old Whigs meant to manage the matters of Slavery and the War.—How the more they tried, the more they could n't do it.—The House entertain the Minority Report.—Signal Punishment inflicted upon the House by Mr. Hayden.—Majority Report and Resolutions, and their character.—House passes Mr. Keyes's Resolutions.—Bold Old Whigs and Timid Old Whigs.—Action of Senate.—Final result—Massachusetts' Whiggism rejuvenated.—Vote of Thanks to Gen. Taylor—Passed by House; Rejected by Senate.—All the Piety full of thanksgiving.—The Correspondent indulgeth in Theological Speculations.—Norfolk County Meeting at Dedham.—Fisher Ames.—His House, his Character, his Mind, his Memory, his Grave.—Return of Douglass.—His Treatment in the Cambria.—Munificence of Mr. Smith.—Mistake corrected touching it, &c. &c.

Boston, April 30th, 1847.

I must confess that your devils have shown, since the beginning of my correspondence with you, a truly diabolical skill in decyphering my pot-hooks and hangers, and that they have done my hieroglyphics into English with a dexterity which would have been a credit to the younger Champollion himself. But even the most exemplary imps will sometimes play a cantrip. My regard for the memory of the only epic bard to whom our country has given birth, compels me to notice a slight slip in my last letter, wherein the substitution of one letter for another materially changed the character, or at least the sex, of the presiding spirit of his epic machinery. The name of the Genius of America, who unrolls the vision of the promised land to the Great Discoverer, was not *Hester*, but *Hesper*. Not that *I* have any objection to the name of Hester, (I have very excellent friends of the name); but it was not I, but Barlow, that wrote the Columbiad, and I do not choose that posterity should be misled on so vital a point as this. If he chose to make his chief supernatural agent of the gender which Priscian, (who well deserves for it the innumerable broken heads he has had in all time,) and the whole tribe of grammarians persist in calling the "more worthy," it is not my fault. Having thus propitiated the offended shade of the bard by this sacrifice of your devil, I will now proceed to matters of a more mundane complexion.

You recollect how the Whig Nominating Convention, last autumn, kicked the Anti-Slavery resolutions of Mr. Stephen C. Phillips out of Faneuil Hall? Well, the State House has just picked them up and passed them in substance, and certainly not weakened in form. So that the Whig party, in spite of the apparent victory last September, of the pro-slavery division, is now fully committed to the principles of the Young Whigs, the Anti-Slavery Whigs, or the Conscience Whigs, or whatever other title please their ear. Thus "the whirligig of Time has brought about his revenges!"

This result has been mainly owing to the manly, uncompromising, and vigilant conduct of Mr. Edward L. Keyes, of Dedham, the editor of the Norfolk County American. Early in the session, the parts of the Governor's Message relating to Slavery, and the Mexican War, were referred to a special Committee, on motion of Mr. Hayden, the editor of the Boston Atlas, the organ of the pro-slavery Whigs. Expectation waited in vain for the result of the labours of this body. Week after week passed away, and it seemed as if this prolonged incubation of the Committee would never terminate in a cackle of delight over a fine young brood of resolutions. It seemed doubtful whether the "parturient mountain" would ever bring to light even "a ridiculous mouse." Their game evidently was to postpone the whole matter until the very end of the session, when it would be smothered entirely, or else disposed of in such shape as would best answer the purposes of the wire-pullers.

In this posture of affairs, Mr. Keyes, who had endeavored in vain, as one of the Committee, to get it to move, and who found their *vis inertiæ*—their "masterly inactivity,"—too much for him in the regular routine of business, one fine morning moved that the House receive a document which he had prepared as a minority Report, and certain resolutions appended to it, as the expression of the sense of the Legislature, and the reasons for it. This motion was like a bomb-shell thrown into the citadel of the Old Whigs. Their consternation and their rage was great, but unavailing; though not unpicturesque, if bystanders may be believed. The House granted the leave, and ordered the document to be printed. But the punishment of its crime followed close upon its heels; for Mr. Hayden, the Chairman of the Committee on Slavery, resigned his place upon it!

The Report and Resolutions having gone into the orders of the day, the now headless Committee on Slavery, thought it behooved them to stir their stumps, and see what remedy could be found for this calamity. Accordingly, Mr. Giles, of Boston, produced a Report and Resolutions, of which it is enough to say that their form and substance was very much of the same character as the sermons of a very worthy (but something jejune) old minister near Boston, sitting under whose preaching was likened by a wicked wit, "to being fed with sawdust out of a wooden spoon!" When this Report came up, Mr. Keyes moved the substitution of his own Report and Resolutions for that of the Committee, and in spite of a strenuous opposition, in which Messrs. Lunt, of Newburyport, (of whom in a former letter,) Webster, and Hayden, of Boston, and Lord, of Salem, chiefly distinguished themselves, it was carried by an overwhelming vote.

Now here was "a concatenation accordingly," as Tony Lumpkin says. The Old Whigs, you must know, are divided into two classes, the Bold Old Whigs, and the Timid Old Whigs. The latter division is, of course, by far the more numerous, and they thought that the breeze was blowing hard enough from this unexpected quarter, to justify them in having their weather-cocks newly *set*, (like those of the burghers of New Amsterdam,) in the new direction. They accordingly began to cast about for some pretence of changing their votes. This was soon afforded them by the action of the Senate. When the Resolutions came before the Conscript Fathers of the Bay State, sundry amendments were proposed, and gradually modified until they were not essentially different from what they were at first. These amendments did not touch any matter of principle in the Resolutions, but only of phraseology. The House, however, refused to concur with the amendments at first; but upon the Senate's adhering, the House, at Mr. Keyes's motion, concurred in the amendment, rather than risk the loss of the whole. Now, although the spirit and character of the Resolutions remained unchanged by these amendments, still almost every Whig in the House voted for them! Verily, small is the hole through which a political eel can wriggle himself out of a predicament he does not like! So Young Whiggism is now triumphant in Massachusetts, and the Boston Whig, and the Norfolk County American may be looked upon as the successors of the Atlas and the Advertiser, as the organs of the opinions of the party!

It is due, however, to the political prudence of the party in the House, to say that it did not altogether forsake itself, and that while it was thus endeavouring to serve God, it was not without a considerate eye to the Devil. Almost at the same time that it passed these resolutions, denouncing Slavery and the Mexican war, it expressed its deep admiration and profound thankfulness to General Taylor for the brilliant and satisfactory manner in which he had cut the throats of the Mexicans, in the very war which they had just denounced as one waged for the purposes of Slavery! These resolutions, passed by a large majority in the House, were *rejected* by the Senate, by as large a proportionate vote, only *four* voting in the affirmative. Whether this was from indifference to the General's merits, a sense of the incompatible inconsistencies of the two expressions of opinion, or a stronger feeling of personal responsibility on the part of a smaller body, is more than I can tell, but thus it was. It was remarked that the eminent saints, the "rigid righteous," the great evangelical professors, in the House, went almost, if not quite, to a man, in favour of the vote of thanks to General Taylor! I wonder to which of the two habitations of departed spirits do they think the mass of the twenty thousand souls is gone, for sending which to their last account, they are thus devoutly grateful to God and General Taylor!

Yesterday it was my good fortune to attend the Annual Meeting of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society, at Dedham. It was unusually well attended, almost every town in the county being represented, some of them numerously, besides Abolitionists from Boston, Worcester, New Bedford, and other places, beyond its limits. The meetings were held in the spacious and beautiful Temperance Hall, which was well filled with an attentive audience. The relations of the Church and State to Slavery, were discussed at large, by Messrs. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, W. P. Atkinson, L. Ford, Edwin Thompson, Blanchard, I. S. Smith, and others. Mr. Phillips was never more felicitous than in his speech at the evening meeting, in which he analyzed the Northern character, and traced the origin of its proclivity to compromise and assentation, to the concessions of the free States, for their own selfish purposes, to Slavery. It was altogether a most successful and satisfactory occasion.

The beautiful village of Dedham is chiefly known to those who are acquainted with the early history of our country, after the adoption of the Constitution, as the birth-place, and the resting-place of Fisher Ames, whose Statesman-like mould of mind, chastened, yet fervid eloquence, and exuberant play of wit and fancy, placed him on a fair level with his great English contemporaries, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, or Wyndham. But a narrower and obscurer field of action robbed him of a world-wide reputation, like theirs. He left, however, the impress of his mind on his times, and an indelible recollection of himself with all his contemporaries. And yet, such is the fleeting nature of human fame, that I should not marvel if many of my readers should ask me, as a well-educated young person from Boston, once did, when I chanced to point out the house in which he lived and died, "And who was Fisher Ames?"

His house is the one opposite the northern portico of the Court House. In the southeastern chamber, on the first floor, was his library. If walls had tongues as well as ears, these would be eloquent as few others in the world could be. He seems to be acknowledged by all who knew him, men, too, who had opportunities of knowing whereof they affirmed, that he was the most brilliant *conversationist* the country ever produced. The art of conversation, so little cultivated anywhere, and scarcely known here, he possessed by nature. We have men who preach, who debate, who dogmatize; but few, very few, who can *converse*. Mr. Ames was no monopolizer of talk. He was just to others as well as himself, and kept the ever-flowing current of his wit and imagination within their due bounds, and never permitted them to overflow and drown his company, as the manner of some is. He was a man who should have had a satellite like Boswell, ever revolving around him, for the benefit of posterity. As it is, many of his *bon mots* have come down to us by tradition, and many have passed into proverbs and are in the months of multitudes, who know not whence they came. Those who survive, and remember the hours they spent in this house, recall them as they do few others in their lives, "*noctes cænaque!*"

His last resting-place is in the village burial-ground, not many rods from the spot where he lived and died. His remains lie not far from the gate, on your right hand as you enter, and near the wall. Within a short time, a simple, but appropriate monument has been erected to mark the spot where lie the ashes of one of the purest men, the most unspotted politicians, and the most brilliant geniuses, that his country, which was not worthy of him, ever produced.

You have already announced the safe arrival of Frederick Douglass, and will doubtless reprint his excellent letter to the Liberator, describing his adventure in the Cambria. He was certainly treated *en prince*, having the Captain's state room given up to him,—which was never done before to any one under degree of a Governor-General. But this was only the gilding with which the Company adorned the fetters which they put upon him, in compliance with the prejudices of their American customers. It was certainly a different treatment from that to which his complexion has so often exposed him in this country; but the spirit, to which it was a propitiation, is the same. The English Abolitionists should see to this matter. He seems to be in excellent health and spirits, and I hope soon to see him in this vineyard again. But you will see him probably, next week, yourself, at the Annual Meeting.

I see that in mentioning the munificent gift of Gerrit Smith, Esq. to the suffering Irish, you say that he is the only person in the country who has given the sum of $2,000 to that object, and I have seen the same statement made in other papers. This is a mistake, and justice requires that it should be set right. The same sum of two thousand dollars has been given to this cause by the Hon. Thomas Handasyd Perkins, and the Hon. Peter C. Brooks, of Boston. I am very sure that no one will be more glad than Mr. Smith to know that he does not stand alone in the amount of his most liberal benefaction, but that there are other wealthy men, equally willing to contribute of their abundance to give bread to the hungry.

D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from our Dublin correspondent.

Frederick Douglass and the Cambria.—Comments of London Newspapers.—Letter from Mr. McIver, the Agent—The Virginia Agent of the Cunard Steamers.—Letter from "Mr. Cunard."—Liverpool Mercury, and Manchester Examiner.—Douglass Jerrold.

Dublin, 17th April, 1847.

My Dear Gay:—Of course before this letter comes to hand, you will have heard how Frederick Douglass, having, in London, paid for his cabin passage home in the Cambria, a month before she sailed, was informed, the evening before he embarked, that he must give up his berth; and that unless he consented to forego the saloon, and to give up taking his meals and associating with the cabin passengers, he could not be allowed to sail in her. Fine old Capt. Judkins, who stood by Douglass nobly when he came to England, accompanied him to the Company's office in Water street, but they could get no satisfaction, except that an excellent roomy cabin, which had been occupied by the Governor-General of Canada, and his family, on another occasion, was placed at his sole disposal, and the captain promising that nothing should be left undone by him to make his voyage agreeable. In this conjuncture, the best thing Douglass could have done for the cause, would have been to have refused to sail, and to have brought the Company before the courts of law for a breach of contract. I have no doubt whatever that he would have got damages, and that the affair would have made a much greater stir than it has made. However, as Frederick had his luggage on board, his mind made up for the voyage, and his friends looking forward to his return, he was unwilling to undergo the vexation and uncertainty of remaining behind; and he contented himself with writing a letter to the Times newspaper—"the Thunderer"—the "leading journal of Europe"—which was published and commented upon with characteristic spirit and energy. I send you a copy of his letter, and of the remarks in the Times; also an extract from the Weekly Dispatch, a London weekly paper of immense circulation and democratic principles; and another from the Spectator, a weekly newspaper of high character for its criticisms upon men and things. The last is not satisfied without a slap at the Abolitionists, for their indiscretion in rousing brutality by hard words and so forth. I thought that this portion of the Spectator's remarks required some reply, and have accordingly forwarded a few paragraphs of explanation, which I shall be glad, for the sake of truth, if they publish—but editors, you know, cling to no attribute so tenaciously as that of infallibility; so I fear my letter will go to limbo.

On the 13th of last month, (tormented, I conclude, by all the work that had been made in the metropolitan and provincial journals,) appeared a letter from Charles McIver, the Liverpool agent of the British North American Steam Company, charging Douglass with having misrepresented the conversation with himself, with having said that it was after that conversation, and not before, he had expressed dissatisfaction with the arrangements made for his accommodation, apart from the other passengers; and insinuating that it was not his color that had caused the difficulty, so much as the tumult on board the Cambria on his former voyage, and the necessity of providing against the recurrence of such disturbances in future. He also declined any further controversy on the subject. In coming to this resolution, I imagine he was assisted by the knowledge that discretion is the better part of valour. If Douglass had remained, Mr. McIver would have probably written another sort of letter. In the same "Times," and immediately after McIver came an odious epistle from a fellow signing himself Charles M. Burrup, Asgile, Virginia, and proclaiming himself head manager of the Cunard steamships. He "took the ground" that the treatment of Douglass was perfectly justifiable—since he was "a Blackamore," and no white person, particularly no white lady, either English or American, could bear the society of black people "without disgust and loathing"—that on a former occasion the Company had lost £1,000 by passengers throwing up their berths in consequence of a black man and woman having taken cabin passages—and more to the same effect, all as brutal and unprincipled as you can imagine.

Well, the day after the appearance of these two letters, appeared also in *The Times* the following clincher from "The Cunard" himself:—

"Sir,—Observing in *The Times*, of this day, a letter signed, Charles M. Burrup, of Asgile, Virginia, United States, head manager of the Cunard Company of Liners, I beg to inform you that no such person, or any other individual in the United States, holds any share or interest in the steamships alluded to, and that *the statements set forth in that letter are entirely untrue.*

No one can regret more than I do the unfortunate circumstances respecting Mr. Douglass's passage; but I can assure you that *nothing of the kind shall again take place in the steamships connected*

I am, Sir, your ever obedient servant,
S. CUNARD."

22 Duke street, St. James's, April 13.

The first passage, I have marked in italics, shows the baseness and meanness of the man who could resort to lies and forgery in order to gratify his malicious brutality to the coloured race. The second passage is as full, frank, and satisfactory a promise in favour of justice and common-sense, as could be wished for by William Lloyd Garrison or Frederick Douglass himself.

The Liverpool Mercury and Manchester Examiner have acted in the best spirit in reference to this affair, and I have no doubt that many newspapers have taken the matter up that I have had no opportunity of seeing. There seems to be only one opinion on the subject, on the part of the British press, and I am rejoiced to see that there is so little disposition to succumb to the whims of slaveholders or their dough-faced vassals.

To make my despatch as complete as possible, I send you Douglas Jerrold's weekly newspaper, of April 10, in which you will find an extract from the pen of the editor that will be little relished by Calhoun, Hope H. Slatter, or Dr. Dewey. Jerrold is one of the most potent writers in England, and I have no doubt that his sentiments will be cordially responded to by his readers. It is only what I expected from him, but still it made my heart jump with delight when I read it.

I would not trouble you so soon again, but that I am anxious that you should hear the earliest intelligence respecting this affair, which I cannot but look upon as in its issue as important to the Anti-Slavery cause, and a triumph of justice, humanity, and common sense.

Ever yours, truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

Letter from H. C. Wright.—The Slaveholder's Money.

Glasgow, April 17, '47.

Friend Gay:—Can you find room in the Standard for all of the enclosed Tract, or a part of it?* Do, if possible, and send a copy of it to Jacob Harvey, N. Y.; to Richard H. Thomas, Baltimore; to Jacob G. Davies, Mayor of Baltimore; and to James Adger, H. W. Conner, and Alexander Robinson, Charleston, S. C. Why did this Committee of over twenty leading Friends in Ireland, (with the two exceptions,) vote to reject the proceeds of a theatrical exhibition, and to receive the proceeds of the slave-market? The reason is, I think, obvious. Their Book of Discipline binds them, as Friends, to bear a testimony against "the debauchery and wickedness of the play-house;" but it does not expressly bind them, as Friends, to testify against slave-breeding, slave-trading, and slave-driving. Had they been bound, by their Discipline, to bear a testimony against slave-breeders and slave-traders, as they are against play-actors and smugglers, I cannot doubt that the contributions from Baltimore and Charleston would have been promptly sent back had they been fifty times as large. Would they have received and distributed contributions from a community of SMUGGLERS, however munificent? *No.* Why? They are forbidden, by their Discipline, even to "deal in goods reasonably *suspected* to be run," and they would say, "How then can we receive and distribute such goods, or their proceeds, as benevolent contributions?" But not one word is in their Discipline, not one *query*, against slave-breeding, slave-trading, slave-driving, or slaveholding—not one word against going into their neighbour's houses and taking their wives and children and selling them at auction to get money to feed the starving Irish, and to send the Bible to the Heathen—not a word is there against turning man—the heir of Eternity—into a beast, to be bought and sold with pigs and mules. Why then should they refuse the products of these practices when sent to save from famine? Money raised by men and women playing the buffoon, and making fools of themselves upon the stage, must be sent back—as the gains of pollution—as the fruit of "debauchery and wickedness," against which, as Friends, their Book of Discipline binds them to testify; but money, the fruit of slave-breeding and slave-driving, may be received! I am sick, at heart, when I think that men, whose consciences are so tender, whose moral perceptions are so alive and so acute that they cannot become the almoners of play-actors and their patrons, lest they become partakers in their "debauchery and wickedness," can yet become the almoners of slave-breeders, and then declare that they are not partakers in their "debauchery and wickedness." If this is not straining at a *gnat* and swallowing a *camel*, I know not what is. What though they have no written testimony in a book, as *Friends*, against Slavery, have they none as MEN, written by the finger of God upon their hearts? What need of *book* record against Slavery? Its condemnation is written on the heart of every human being by the finger of the Almighty, and when the American Church and clergy seek to array the teachings of the Bible against this *paramount* and *prior* testimony written on the soul, they seal the condemnation of that Book. For who could believe the testimony of the Bible in favour of his enslavement, against the voice of the Deity speaking in his heart against it? I would spurn the Bible as a lie, if I thought it authorized any human being to enslave me; or me to enslave any other human being. Would that these Dublin Friends had listened to this voice within them, and sternly refused to shake hands with American men-stealers, and thus given proof to the world that, in their view, their obligations, as human beings, were paramount to, and independent of, all human organization in Church or State. What a blow they would have given to the monster Slavery! What power, to the testimony of Friends against it.

H. C. WRIGHT.

* Vide "SLAVEHOLDERS OR PLAY-ACTORS, WHICH ARE THE GREATEST SINNERS?" on 1st page.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

The steamship Caledonia arrived at Boston on Thursday last, having left Liverpool on the 20th ultimo. She brings news of an advance in the corn market.

The state of affairs in Ireland is improving. Matters have reached their worst, and are now mending. The latest accounts of Mr. O'Connell's health is very unsa-

The United States ship-of-war Jamestown, [illegible] B. Forbes, laden with breadstuffs and provisions for the relief of the distressed Irish, arived at Cork on the 12th ultimo, on her mission of mercy.

The lady of Mr. Bancroft had the honour of dining with the Queen at Buckingham Palace on the 15th ultimo.

The West India Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have purchased the great Western for £25,000.

Jenny Lind had arrived in London.

M. Ronge is undergoing a month's imprisonment at Breslau, for preaching without permission of the authorities.

Late from Mexico.

Another battle has been fought at a place called Cerro Gordo, in which the Americans were victorious. Ex-President Herrera and other Generals were taken prisoners, but have been released on parole, with the exception of General La Vega, who refused his liberty on these terms. A large number of other prisoners were taken. The killed on both sides is about equal in number, being, it is supposed, five hundred in each army. Gen. Shields and Gen. Pillow, of the American army, were wounded, the former, it is thought, mortally.

General Items.

Slave Sympathy.—A wealthy planter in Lowndes county, Alabama, called his slaves together a short time since, and told them of the distressed condition of the Irish poor, when they immediately raised a subscription among themselves, amounting to $50, which was duly appliied.

John A. Collins, late editor of the *Daytonian*, is about to start a daily temperance paper in Cincinnati, in connection with the proprietor of the Ohio Washingtonian Organ.

Hung.—Charles H. Smith, convicted of the murder of Abraham O. Taylor, was hanged at Hickman, Ky. last Tuesday. The poor criminal suffered a double penalty through the carelessness of the Sheriff, who used first, a small cotton rope, which broke, and secondly, one so large that the noose would not tighten.

One of the Sunday papers, in noticing the Evangelical Alliance, says:

"The next difficulty was in regard to Slavery. The articles proposed condemn it indirectly, but make a nice distinction between such as are slaveholders from philanthropic motives, and such as are governed by motives of gain. This curious distinction will form a new feature in the Slavery discussion, and it may turn out, that Slavery, after all, is only another name for philanthropy, and that the profits are only accidental; in which event the Alliance will enfold the whole South in its charitable embraces."

The Wind Wagon.—We learn from Captain Douglass, of the steamer J. J. Hardin, down yesterday from the Missouri river, that a trial had been made, previous to his departure from Independence, of the "Wind Wagon," which has been under construction there. He did not witness its performance, but learned from gentlemen who were present, that its practicability was fully established; and, indeed, those who witnessed it were astonished at the speed attained, and the entire usefulness of the invention.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

The Creeks.—Rev. Robert Laughbridge, missionary among the Creek Indians, passed through this place a week or two since on his way to the upper part of this nation. We are credibly informed that he was in search of lumber for a couple of buildings to be occupied as Manual Labour Schools among that people. The Government has made provisions for them. They are to be sufficiently commodious for the accommodation of one hundred pupils each. One of these schools is to be under the direction of the Presbyterians, the other, the Methodist. A hearty greeting to our neighbours and brethren the Muscogees. We have long been convinced that they want but the encouragement to become one of the most interesting nations. They are naturally an industrious, high-minded people.—*Cherokee Advertiser.*

Black vs. White Mechanics.—At Pensacola the white mechanics in the Navy Yard, complain of the employment of slave labour, on the public works, as injurious to their interests, all the bricklayers being slaves. This is wrong—our Government has no control over Slavery, and has no right to employ slaves, unless white mechanics cannot be obtained. White persons pay a tax indirectly to Government, and should have the benefit of the tax. Slaves pay no tax and their masters receive their wages. We have no objection to the employment of free blacks, where they themselves receive the benefit of their industry, but in slave States it strikes us as proper and expedient for the Government to employ none but whites.—*Sun.*

Slave Property.—A Kentuckian published a tabular statement in the Frankfort Commonwealth, which shows that while from the year 1841 to 1846 inclusive, the number of slaves in that State increased 16,729, the valuation of the same decreased $7,305,741.

Inquest.—Coroner Walters yesterday held an inquest at the City Hospital, on the body of a coloured man named William Thompson, a native of New-Jersey, aged 22 years. The jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death by injuries inflicted on the scull on the 25th ultimo in Jersey City, by a gang of desperadoes.—*Daily paper, 4th inst.*

Had this poor wretch, who "came to his death by injuries inflicted on his skull," been a white man, the verdict would not have been so shamefully tame and cold-blooded as this is. The verdict would have been either murder or manslaughter. It appears that this poor fellow—who was no farther a criminal than nature had made him in giving him a black skin—did nothing to provoke the brutal treatment he met with in Jersey City:

On the night of the 25th ultimo, the deceased, with his brother, went over to Jersey City for the purpose of going to work. Soon after landing from the ferry boat they were assaulted by about twenty boys, of whom they took no notice, but passed on. When they had proceeded about half a mile, deceased remarked to his brother that he thought these boys belonged to the Glass House. Two of them following heard the remark, and commenced an assault. The deceased was knocked down by a stone which fractured his skull. He was brought to this city and taken to the hospital, where he died on Sunday morning.

Is it possible to regard this outrage in any other light than that of a cold-blooded, brutal murder? Is there no justice for this unfortunate coloured man?—*Sunday Mercury.*

Married,

In Savannah, 28th April, by the Rev. Dr. Preston, C. Durand, of the firm of Goodhue & Co. of New-York, to Sarah Cecil, youngest daughter of Col. James Hunter, of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on Friday morning, Mary Inez Greeley, only daughter of Horace, and Mary Y. C. Greeley, aged 6 months and 7 days.

In Marietta, Ohio, April 5, Hon John Cotton, M. D. aged 86, a lineal descendant from the divine of that name who landed on the rock of Plymouth.

In Bridgewater, Mass. April 30, Sarah Ann, infant daughter of Christopher A. and Sarah A. Greene, aged 5 months and 12 days.

In Montpelier, (Vt.) of whooping cough, 26th instant, Charles Torrey, son of Joseph and Mary A. Poland, aged ten weeks.

At Lambeth, (Eng.) February 9, Mr. Edward Southey, brother of the late Poet Laureate. This gentleman was for some years an actor in the provinces, and underwent a large share of the privations attendant on the life of a country comedian. His declining health preventing managers from employing him, he obtained a pecuniary subsistence as a teacher of languages. Amid the struggles of his last ten years, he served as a volunteer in the Spanish Legion, and recieved some wounds.—*Gent. Mag.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard—from May 4th, to 11th, 1847.

Dr. Dyer Hughes, Hampton, Ct.	$1 00	
Joseph Michaels, New-York,	50	
Peter Wilson, "	50	
E. Conger, Newark, N. J.	1 00	
Amos J. Ballou, Cumberland, R. I.	1 00	
Samuel A. Green, West Winfield, N. Y.	1 00	
L. G. Thomas, " "	1 00	
David Wilder, De Ruyten, " "	1 00	
A. G. Jourdain, New Bedford, Mass.	1 00	
Wm. B. Toleson, "	1 00	
S. R. Hathaway, Whiteford, N. Y.	1 00	
Harvey Hart, Norton Mills, "	1 00	
Savilion Haley, New London, Ct.	1 00	
		12 00
DONATIONS.		
Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,	500 00	
West Winfield Anti-Slavery Society,	5 00	
Waterloo Fair,	25 00	
Esek Wilbur, Farmington, N. Y.	5 00	
		535 00
Total Amount,		$547 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

WORCESTER COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.

A quarterly meeting of the Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Oxford, on Sabbath day, May 19th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The members are requested to give a general attendance. There is a depot of the Norwich railroad at Oxford; cars leave Worcester at 8 1-2 o'clock, A. M. A large and effective meeting is greatly needed at this time. In the hands of Massachusetts is in danger of suffering great detriment.

J. C. Hathaway, General Agent Am. A. S. Society, in New-York, Wm. W. Brown, and Parker Pillsbury, will be present.

SAMUEL MAY, President.

John M. Fisk, Secretary.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Convention at Danielsonville, on Tuesday, the 18th of May, commencing at ten o'clock, and continuing through the day. Addresses will be delivered on the occasion by C. C. Burleigh, Samuel May and others. All are invited to attend.

When tyrant power is increased, threatening to subjugate the nominally free to its control, is it not time to arouse the people from their ruinous slumber, that *right* and *freedom* become not obsolete terms in your vocabulary?

Parker Pillsbury and Wm. W. Brown will be present at this meeting.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, *Pres't.*

Lucian Burleigh, *Sec.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Tickets of membership may be obtained at 142 Nassau St. price 25 cts. Friends from the country wishing tickets, to constitute themselves and any of their friends members of the League, may obtain them by remitting the money and names with the residence of each, when the tickets properly filled up, will be forwarded to them by mail.

The Anti-Slavery League is an Association formed in London, of which George Thompson, Esq. is President, and which is intended to include all, in all parts of the world, who can adopt the Principle of the League, which is thus expressed on the ticket:

"Slaveholding, under all conceivable circumstances, is a heinous sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned."

LOST CHILD.

Thornton Delany Parker, a small coloured boy about nine years of age, was decoyed from Pittsburgh during the absence of his parents some four months ago. He generally calls himself Thornton Delany.

The last they heard of the child, he had been a short time in Cleveland, Ohio, from whence he went to New-York State. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his anxious parents, HENRY & SARAH PARKER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Direct the information to the care of the Editor of the Mystery, Pittsburgh.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon *your* efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighbourhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you do possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skilful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Parvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humbugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You Come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, Are We Almost There, Blue Juniatta, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publisher.
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway.
May 8, 1847.—1y. is.

Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FRESH and new goods just received, consisting in part of shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown
Manche ter ginghams of superior quality, various style;
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambrics and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Colored table-cloths, imitation of linen.
Cotton hdfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff.
Knitting cotton, various Nos. bleached, brown, and coloured.
Cotton laps and wadding, white and coloured. Also,
Refined loaf, crushed, and pulverized sugar.
Brown sugar, good quality, of different grades, by the barrel, bag, or pound.
Sugar-house and West India molasses, good quality.
Rice, coffee, and chocolate.

Superior Teas, Selected with care, for family use or stores, viz:

Poetry.

From the London Inquirer.

WHO ARE THE RICH?

Who are the rich?—the favoured few
Whose hands their dazzling treasure hold,
With luxury deck their halls, and strew
Their paths with gold?

No; for the wealth so proudly got,
Is borrowed all:—the fatal bond
May grant it to the grave, but not
An hour beyond.

They are the rich whose treasures lie
In hearts, not hands—in heaven, not here;
Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,
And mercy's tear.

No borrowed wealth, no failing store;
These treasures of the soul remain
Its own; and, when to live is o'er,
To die is gain.

Who are the poor?—the humble race
Who dwell where luxury never shone—
Perchance without one friendly face,
Save God's alone?

No! for the meek and lowly mind,
Still following where its Saviour trod,
Though poor in all, may richly find
The peace of God.

They are the poor who, rich in gold,
Confiding in that faithless store,
Or tremble for the wealth they hold,
Or thirst for more;—

Whose hands are fettered by its touch,
Whose lips no generous duty plead;—
Go, mourn their poverty, for such
Are poor, indeed!

From the London Daily News.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
Each with eloquence and power;
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preacheth every hour
With a shrill, fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn:
"Backwards, ye presumptuous nation;
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labour and to pray:
Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,
Man must worship and obey.
Backwards, ye presumptuous nations—
Back, be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;
Soft he talks as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful in his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from his tongue.
With an air of self content,
High he lifts his fair white hands—
"Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy all ye lands!
Earth was made by One Almighty,
And to meddle is to mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so—
We are happy as we are;
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher—
Genius flashes from his eyes,
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him whilst their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall:
"Forward! ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all:
Man was made for healthful effort;
Tyranny has crushed him long—
He shall march from good to better,
Forward! ye awakened nations,
And do battle with the wrong."

"Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime;
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure—
Onward! keep the march of Time—
Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right—
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason,
While a sorrow gnaws the heart,
While a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part.
Forward! ye awakened nations!
Action is the people's part.

"Onward; there are ills to conquer,
Ills that on yourselves you 've brought,
There is wisdom to discern,
There is temperance to learn,
And enfranchisement for thought;
Hopeless Poverty and Toil
May be conquered if you try;
Vice, and Wretchedness, and Famine,
Give Beneficence the lie.
Onward! onward! and subdue them!
Root them out, their day has passed;
Goodness is alone immortal—
Evil was not made to last.
Forward, ye awakened people,
And your sorrow shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world,
Tyranny has curbed its pride,
Errors that were deified,
Into darkness have been hurled!
Slavery and liberty,
And the wrong and right have met,
To decide their ancient quarrel.
Onward, preacher—onward yet!
There are pens to tell your progress,
There are eyes that pine to read;
There are hearts that pine to aid you,
There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preacher! onward, nations!
WILL must ripen into DEED.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-scented flowers—
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare.
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers,
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
Attired in sweetness, is not sweetly driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER VI.

A few months later, a strong detachment of cavalry, artillery, and militia was seen issuing from the Cape, headed by the old General La Veaux, with the Commissaries and a few of the most influential members of the Assembly. The state of things had undergone no change. The same parties and struggles continued to thwart and dishearten the Commissaries, who had vainly hoped to make their authority absolute. The news of the execution of Louis XVIth had born its fruits, increasing the number of the disaffected, who were busy with plans of revenge. The black insurgents, after breaking off all negotiations, had raised in the mountains their huge blood-red banners alongside the royal standard. But they received but little aid from the Spaniards. The Marquis d'Almonas was liberal with ribbons and dignities, but not with ammunition. The negroes, almost as undisciplined and cruel as at the first, followed different leaders, over whom Jean François with difficulty retained authority. A new attempt had been made through the shrewd Abbé to bring the negroes to some terms. Messengers had been passing to and fro and oaths exchanged to insure safety to both parties; and thus the Commissaries were now on the way to the Mornes of Limbé, there to confer with the black chiefs. The Creoles, although as rash and indomitable as ever, yet seemed somewhat disposed now to yield to necessity. On the present occasion, of the Deputies in attendance, de Charmilly, Jumecourt, Domingo, and a few others, rode together. They had kept up their intrigue with the English, and were now only waiting for the long looked-for arrival of the English fleet at Jamaica, to take up the arms, so long kept in readiness.

As the troops now moved along the Coast, with the blue waters on one side studded with islands, and in the distance on the other side the lofty, silent Mornes, with their towering rocks irregularly seamed with forests, Charmilly was telling the Baron of Domingo the news he had received from France. "As to Blanchelande," said he, "there is but little hope for him. He is in prison at Nantes, where his daughter attends to him. The weak old man has been reconciled to her. They have lost all, and the girl works and knits to support him. She rejects all help."

"But you say," interrupted Domingo, "that they are not perfectly satisfied at Paris with our vice-kings here?"

"Aye," returned Charmilly, "a new Governor is coming hither."

"Some red-capped rascal from the rabble of the Mountain, I suppose," said the other.

"Not quite so bad as that," replied Charmily. "The new Governor is a man who may be of service to us. He has landed estate on this Island, and must of course have some sympathy with us. He will have the power and the will, I trust, to drive away those crazy, filching scoundrels riding on there before us, and bent now upon freeing our slaves at our expense."

"And who is this Messiah?" asked the Baron.

"General Galbaud," was the reply. "A fleet of six ships of the line and several frigates are fitting out at Brest. Galbaud and some new regiments will embark. Let them once land, and we shall not need the aid of England."

While this conversation was going on between the Creoles, Santonax and Polverel were talking together in the same undertone. "What you say," said the former, "is all well enough. But we must resist this new Governor."

"He comes in the name of the Convention," rejoined Polverel; "the will of the majority has appointed him."

"But they have violated their own law, or this Galbaud has deceived them. They have decreed that no one owning land here should be appointed Governor. Galbaud has a plantation on this Island."

"Is it so?" exclaimed Polverel.

"He, cannot deny it," replied Santonax, "and come when he may, he must quit, he or we, that's plain."

"He, certainly," said Polverel," and to make sure of allies, we must proffer what terms we can to these black citizens."

They rode on, and Santonax beckoned to the Abbé de la Haye, who, mounted on a stout mule, was conversing with Vincent. The worthy Priest, comfortably fixed on his easy, well-stuffed saddle, to which a palm-leaf parasol was attached, and smoking his cigar, excited the envy of the soldiers and mingled with curses on the oppressive climate. Forcing his animal into a canter, he presented altogether a figure which brought a smile even to the stern Santonax, who, however, treated the Abbé with great consideration. After remarking in a jocular way upon the Abbé's horsemanship, and receiving a reply in the same strain, "The Assembly have given us," said Santonax, glancing at the Creoles behind, "men for associates little suited to promote peace."

"Had you done a few weeks ago," replied the Curate, "what you propose to do now, the Creoles might easily have been brought into the arrangement, but now a few straws have come floating over the sea, and the fools catch at them, and shout that the Messiah is coming to save them."

"Hope what you please," muttered Santonax, casting a grim look at the chatting Creoles, "I know you all. Do you think, friend La Haye, that our dusky friends will accede to the terms which will make them free labourers?"

"As certainly as they will run for the first chance at a rice-platter," replied the Abbé.

"Then Slavery shall be abolished, I care not who opposes," said Santonax. "It is a curse and a crime which has been fastened on us too long."

The route now turned off from the Coast over a beautifully undulating country, amid the rustling sound of palms. The soldiers became animated with hope and curiosity. Few were there who did not long for peace. The climate, with its deadly fevers, has made frightful ravages among the newcomers. The march was now continued amid the noise of merriment and laughter, and the mountains, which had hitherto echoed to the clash of arms and the cries of combatants, now resounded with songs in honour of beautiful France.

At length they came in sight of the plantation St. Michael, which lay in ruins on the slope of a hill, formerly a perfect paradise, yielding immense wealth. All marks of cultivation were nearly obliterated; and Nature, as if rejoicing in a revolution, and in the wild freaks of an unrestrained liberty, had covered the spot with her spontaneous luxuriance. Across the very line of march a stream had forced a channel, the force of the torrent piling up stones in one place, digging pools in another, which were covered with water-plants of a gorgeous splendour, while lofty trees, with the roots torn up, were bending over the baneful waters. It seemed as if nature were seeking to fortify her peaceful retreats against the intrusion of man and his bloody feuds. But the gloom which the sight occasioned vanished, when on the opposite brow of the hill a black horseman was descried, motionless as a statue, under a solitary palm-tree. He held in his hand a hat, stuck with a row of small white plumes, a vari-coloured handkerchief was tied turban-like round his head, and the gold lace on his green coat sparkled in the sun. Vincent recognized at once the broad figure of the man and the horse whose whiteness contrasted so strongly with the colour of the rider. It was Toussaint Breda. As the head of the column crossed the stream, and all eyes were riveted on the statue-like apparition, it suddenly awoke to life. Toussaint waved a salute with his hat. At the same moment his steed reared, and the dusky chief, as if to show that there was one negro at least who was a practiced horseman, darted off as on the wings of the wind, and just when the slope appeared to be the steepest, leaped down and disappeared.

Shouts of admiration followed him, but they were hushed at the appearance of six black trumpeters, who poured forth a frightfully discordant blast. Behind them came a column of negroes with muskets, in jackets of blue striped cotton, with the yellow belts of their Spanish cartridge-boxes hanging cross-ways over their breasts, without covering for their heads, and hardly for their bodies. They were powerfully built men, showing not unfrequently faces seamed with scars received in numberless fights with their masters, and little expressive of a desire for peace. In their midst they bore a white banner thickly embroidered with lilies and surmounted by a crown. In their rear came a number of officers, some in rags, and others in gay uniform, but all well armed, and decorated with gold chains and orders in which they evidently took great pride and delight. At their head was Jean François, the most famous of their heroes, who alone inspired respect by his manly beauty and bearing.

Slowly, and with an impressive silence, the parties neared each other. At length both halted, and Jean François advanced with Biasson and a small number of attendants to meet the Commissaries, who with an air of dignity and sternness, awaited them in what had once been the courtyard of the plantation. Jean François hesitated several times, and measured with uneasy glances the respective strength of the two parties, seeing very plainly that, in the case of treachery, he and his friends would have small chance of escape. But soon smiling at his fears, he hastened forward, his old French predilections reviving as he and his companions bowed before the representatives of the mother-country.

The salutation was returned. But Santonax, with a commanding air, immediately pointed to the banner of the blacks: "Citizen," said he, "in the name of liberty and our common country, I require you to put away that emblem of tyranny in our presence."

This authoritative address, implying, however, an equality between the speaker and the person addressed, produced a mixture of surprise and indecision in the mind of Jean François. His ear had now for sometime been spoiled by the flatteries of the Spaniards. "His Excellency" was ready to take offence at the simple title of citizen. And yet he could not but exult at seeing the proud Creoles compelled to acknowledge their slaves as their equals.

He was at first about to return a proud reply, but mastering his pride, he whispered to one of his attendants, and the banner, slowly lowered, disappeared. Santonax instantly stepped up to the black chief with an air of great friendliness. Taking him by the hand, while Polverel took the other, they led him to a cluster of trees, where tables and seats were set, and servants were hastily preparing a frugal meal. The blacks seemed quite as much pleased with the various wines and dishes as with the idea of sitting at the same table with their proud adversaries. Little order was observed. The whites gave up the food to the voracious negroes, and contented themselves with watching and ridiculing, not always in silence, the manners of their awkward guests.

At one table, there was more of decorum. It was where the black chiefs were placed with the Commissaries, and where Jean François was seated with evident pride, opposite the Creoles, who sullenly moved their seats off from the table as far as possible. The Commissaries led the conversation, and Polverel poured forth a high encomium on virtue and human greatness, without distinction of colour, or privilege, or any of those accidents, which he denounced as the original causes of all wrong.

The wonder with which Jean François and his officers listened to this harangue, was hardly greater than that of the Creoles, whose countenances expressed their inward rage and chagrin. They were, indeed, disposed to treat for peace, and would have been willing to grant freedom to a few hundred of these revolted slaves, a measure, in fact, which had been proposed years before by the Commissaries Mirbeck and Roume, but rejected then by the Creoles in a most tumultuous manner. Now their pride was somewhat humbled, and they were ready to grant what they formerly considered an insult. Although there was a party now, who, with the Commissaries, were ready for an act of gradual emancipation, yet, in the main, there was no thought of giving freedom to creatures, still regarded as mere chattels. If there was anything that made the Revolution and the Republic hateful to the Creoles, it was the shameful principle of equality. Individuals, violent in their denunciations of monarchical power, were often seen to fall silent in their enthusiasm, as soon as any assertion was made of the inalienable rights of all men. Then they were heard to declare, with horrid oaths, that they would rather die than regard a slave, with his offensive atmosphere, as a brother. So intense became this aversion to the blacks, that masters killed their own slaves to prevent their emancipation, and the Creoles soon came to hate that liberty which they had at first hailed with acclamations. On the present occasion, even Charmilly could hardly restrain himself, and in a little while the Creoles withdrew and walked apart. But the Commissaries heeded not these sullen demonstration. On the contrary, they redoubled their attentions to the blacks. The repast at length being over, the officers gathered round the table of their superiors. Vincent joined them, after vainly looking about for his friend Toussaint, who had disappeared even to the surprise of the blacks.

But the time for the parley having now arrived, the Abbé, in obedience to a sign from Santonax, began, as a minister of religion, and as one intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to speak in vivid language, of the condition of the country, and after hinting at the happy lot in store for the blacks, if they would only submit to the Republic.

When the Curate had finished, Jean François, who had listened with the greatest attention, rose in reply, "Reverend father," said he, "it is true, much you have said. You say you will restore to us the blessings of peace. But what do you offer us if we lay down our arms?"

"In the name of the French nation," said Santonax, "I declare the black citizens of St. Domingo free and equal, if they will only return to the plantations for a limited time and receive wages, I except the leaders of the Insurrection, who shall be free at once. Citizen Jean François, I demand of you to render allegiance to the supreme will of the French nation."

Jean François, little used to language so brief and strong, glanced at his chains and orders. "And what security," said he, proudly, "can the Commissaries give to the Chief the blacks?"

"The Deputies of the French nation," exclaimed Polverel, "have nothing to do with giving security. The majesty of the people is invested in them, and every word of theirs is a decree irrevocable."

An unfortunate assertion, of which the shrewd Jean François availed himself immediately. "I believe," said he, "you are willing to protect us in the name of France, but France is far away, and here stand the very men, who have oppressed us from our birth. They have branded us, and degraded us to brutes. They will not cease to oppress us, so long as any power is left them. They are at your side. They are your friends. Look at them—their very looks say: 'Slaves! fool! happy the hour which shall give you into our hands!' It is a cursed race, destroy them—we will help you, and be your children." As he spoke, the Creole noblemen drew nearer, with flashing eyes. De Boulet was among the foremost, and with all the rashness of a Creole, he was hurried into an act which brought the parley to an issue, sudden and wholly unlooked for.

"Slave!" he cried, and with one leap he stood close before the Commander of a hundred thousand men, "Do you dare to abuse us! You have forgotten the whip, but there!—and there!" striking with the but-end of his whip, before any one could prevent him, the black visage of the Prince, the Grandee, the Marquis, and Knight of the Golden Fleece.

"For God's sake, hold, Boulet, hold! you madman!" exclaimed Charmilly.

"Down with him! Down with the maniac!" cried Santonax.

"To arms! To arms!" cried twenty voices.

The negro officers, supposing themselves betrayed, flew to their men. "Where is the offender?" cried Polverel, "arrest him!" But Charmilly interposed, and pleaded for Boulet. And a violent altercation arose among the whites. "Silence! citizens," exclaimed Santonax, "the moment is critical. Citizen La Haye, and you, Citizen Vincent, go to the blacks, and try to pacify them. Bring their General back. We must come to an understanding."

The moderation of Santonax proved to be true wisdom. For at this moment, a dense mass of negroes, like a threatening cloud, appeared on the opposite height, and the black horseman was again seen on his white steed, riding at full speed down the hill, and received with shouts of joy by his friends.

"Look there!" said Santonax to the Creoles, pointing to the dark mass, "suppose we had followed your councils? But there go our messengers, and we shall be lucky if we are not put on the defensive."

La Haye, accompanied by Vincent, was now on his way towards the blacks. "Heaven knows best," said he, "who has put it into these dumb creatures to be on their guard. Come, my son, let us attack them once more with the weapons of our eloquence."

"To the address of the Priest, however, Jean François replied by pointing to his swollen face, while his eyes gleamed with the thirst of revenge. "Give up to me the wretch who dared to strike me. Go, tell them, I will come back, but I must have him first."

"Your Excellency," said the Curate, humbly, "how can your dignity be insulted by a madman! Does the lion revenge himself on the musquito? Gracious Sir, God and his holy religion command us to forgive."

At this moment Toussaint approached Jean François, and drew him aside. The face of the latter brightened up at Toussaint's whispered suggestion. "Well, father," said he, returning to the Priest, "I yield, I will go with you. You, Sir Officer," said he, to Vincent, "shall stay here and await my return." Then, without waiting for a reply, he beckoned to his officers, and took the Curate's arm, and turned towards the French. "If my proposals are accepted," said he to the Abbé, "one thousand gold pieces will I give you for the poor. But if they touch me again, God have mercy on us all."

He departed, leaving Vincent under guard of the blacks, who flourished their muskets, and grinned menacingly at him. He felt his situation to be full of peril. Shortly one little fellow forced his way through the crowd. It was Candi, Jeannot's late Lieutenant, and now having command of a band. He was as vain, and as fond of gaudy attire as ever.

"Ah, Massa Officer," he exclaimed, taking Vincent's hand, "Col. Candi glad to see you. You remember the pleasant night in the woods! Candi did pretty well," here he broke into a hearty laugh, "but Jeannot took your fine sword. Good massa, Candi very great now—one word from him, and you are a dead man. Candi a Colonel now. All those his soldiers up there. Let us change; brother, take my sword—give me yours." And he drew out his own miserable and broken cutlass, seizing at Vincent's sword at the same time.

Vincent held fast to his property, but resistance was dangerous, and persuasion of no avail. Some of the blacks laughed, and others seemed only to wait for some violent action on the part of the white man, to fall on him directly. After a fruitless effort to get Candi's hand off his intended booty, Vincent's anger prevailed, and he flung the little savage off. But snatching at it again, twisting and grinning like an ape, his huge mouth pouring forth a stream of discordant sounds, he vociferated: "Cursed white man! Candi says dead! and you are dead. Come, brothers, help me get from this d—d massa what belongs to me!"

"And what is it belongs to you, friend Candi?" said Toussaint, who suddenly appeared at his side. Candi's whole manner instantly betokened great submission, but he protested that Vincent had given him the sword.

"I rather think, friend, that you say false," said Toussaint, laying his hand on Candi's shoulder, "if I may judge from the faces of your brethren, who are better men than you. You know well that the Great Spirit tells me much. Hark ye, Candi, the Marquis d'Almonas has something to say to you. He has heard that it was you who plundered and murdered the Spanish planters on the other side of the mountains, and he has requested his Excellency to send you to St. Juan."

Candi clasped his hands imploringly. "My brother," he cried, "let Candi stay where he is. He is a faithful servant of his General."

Toussaint beckoned to some black soldiers. "Take this man. Bind him, and wait further orders." He was instantly obeyed.

"I have only a few minutes," said he to Vincent, "to assure you of my sympathy. That wretch is on our list. He must disappear like the others, but let us not waste time. You see the negotiation is over," pointing to Jean François, who was now hastily returning from the interview with the whites. "I knew it would be so. He will not consent to give up his honours, and yield to the Republic. When the moment comes," he whispered, "remember Jean Kisson and Macaya."

Jean Fraugois was in violent excitement. With eyes flashing with African fury, "These traitors," he exclaimed, to Toussaint, "deserve their fate. They shall perish, the King-killers, the heretics. Caracco! to insult me! Maladetto! to tell me they would pardon me! Voto a Dios! had I hold of that knavish Priest who persuaded me to this interview, I would have him whipped to death!" Suddenly he became aware of Vincent's presence, and his eyes glowed with such a vengeful look that Vincent's life seemed in imminent peril. "Remove that officer," he cried, "let him go to his friends and tell them Jean François begins the war again this very day, and that he will consume them." Vincent left the dangerous vicinity of these savages with all speed, and reached his friends in time to witness the angry altercations that arose between the Creoles and Commissaries. Santonax expended his vexation on the poor Abbé.

After much waste of words, the French made off towards the plain of the North, with all caution and dispatch. The black forces disappeared beyond the mountains. The disheartened Abbé rode by the side of Vincent, who communicated to him the few words he had had with Toussaint. "O the ... He is the father of all intrigues. He would have had no objection if we had carried off Jean François to the Cape. Then he would have been the man to make peace, and become a republican. But he is baffled for the present. But the old slave will deceive every one, and those most who have most trusted him."

Towards evening the column reached the Cape, and thus ended an expedition which promised peace, and resulted in a war bloodier than ever. A few days afterwards, bands, reinforced by the Spaniards, broke forth from the mornes, and gained possession of the Northern districts. The Republicans were beaten in several bloody fights. The plain of the Cape became wholly unsafe. The negro Chief, Pierrot, held the mornes, and could not be dislodged. Confusion reigned in the city, and parties became more violent than ever.

(To be Continued.)

EXTRACT FROM DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

However, to briefly scan the various purposes of our institution, we intend to establish two clubhouses—two to begin with—whose members may obtain meals and refreshments at the lowest remunerating prices. Well, surely men threaten no danger to the State by dining. On the contrary, the greater danger sometimes is, when men can get no dinner. In the most troublous times, knives are never to be made so harmless as when coupled with forks. Hence, I do not see why the muttonchop of a Duke at the Western Athenæum might not be imagined to hold a very affable colloquy with the chop of a clerk cooked at the Whittington. We next propose to have a library and reading-room. We intend to place the spirits of the wise upon our shelves; and when did evil ever come of wisdom? It is true, our books may not be as richly burnished as the books of western clubs—our library may not have the same delicious odour of Russia leather—in a word, our books may not have as good coats to their backs,—but it will be our own faults if they have not the same ennobling spirit in their utterance. It is also proposed to give lectures in the various branches of literature, science, and art. Well, I believe I am not called upon to say anything in defence of this intention. There was a time, indeed, when lectures addressed to the popular mind were condemned as only ministering to popular dissatisfaction. The lecturer was looked upon as a meek Guy Fawkes, dressed for an evening party,—and his lectures, like *Acre's* letter, were pronounced "to smell woundily of gunpowder." This is past—literature, science, and art, are now open sources; the padlocks are taken from the wells—come and drink. Languages, mathematics, music, painting, will be taught in classes—in classes that, I hope, will, like the gourd, come up in their fulness in a night. Occasional entertainments, combining the attractions of music and conversation, will be given—such attractions being enhanced by the presence of ladies; and here I approach what I consider to be the most admirable, as it is the most novel feature of the institution, the admission of females to all its privileges. I think the Whittington Club will enjoy the rare distinction of being the only club in London popular among its fair inhabitants. I know that this rule—the admission of ladies—has been made the subject of somewhat melancholy mirth. The female names already numbered, best rebuke the scoffers. For have we not Mary Howitt—a name musical to the world's ear,—a name fraught with memories of the gentlest, the tenderest emotions of the human heart, voiced by the sweetest verse? Have we not, too, Mary Cowden Clarke, whose wonderful book, *The 'Concordance to Shakspeare*, is as a votive lamp lighted at the shrine of the poet—a lamp that will burn as long as Shakspeare's name is worshipped by the nations? But I feel it would be more than discourtesy to such names, further to notice the wit made easy of those who sneer at the principle which admits ladies as members of the Whittington Club. "To employers and employed alike,"—says the Prospectus—"the Whittington Club appeals with confidence for support." Certainly, to employers the Institution offers the exercise of a great social duty—namely, to assist in a work that shall still tend to dignify the employed with a sense of self-respect; at all times, the surest guarantee of honest performance 'twixt man and man. Nevertheless, whilst all such aid on the part of the richer members of the community, must be cordially acknowledged by the less rich—the institution must depend for a flourishing vitality upon the energy of the employed themselves. Without that, the institution cannot permanently succeed; and further, it will not deserve success. Yes; I am sure you feel this truth; a truth that, it is manifest, has been widely acknowledged, from the fact, that at the present moment the Whittington Club numbers upwards of a thousand names—and the list is daily, hourly lengthening. Mr. Jerrold concluded with a beautiful allusion to the name of the Club, and the legend of Whittington.

From an article in Tait's Magazine.

HOOD'S BALLADS.

The two best of his grave, pathetic lyrics, are the "Song of the Shirt," and the Bridge of Sighs."—The first was certainly Hood's great hit, although we were as much ashamed as rejoiced at its success. We blushed when we thought that at that stage of his life, he needed such an introduction to the public, and that thousands and tens of thousands, were now, for the first time, induced to ask "Who's Thomas Hood?" The majority of even the readers of the age had never heard of his name till they saw it in *Punch*, and connected with a song—first-rate, certainly—but not better than many of his former poems! It cast, to us, a strange light upon the chance-medleys of fame; and, on the lines of Shakspeare,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Alas! in Hood's instance, to fortune it did not lead, and the fame was brief lightning before darkness.

And what is the song which made Hood awake one morning, and find himself famous? Its great merit is its truth. Hood sits down beside the poor seamstress as beside a sister, counts her tears, her stitches, her bones—too transparent by far through the sallow skin—sees that though degraded, she is a woman still; and rising up, swears, by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that he will make her wrongs and wretchedness known to the limits of the country, and of the race. And hark! how to that cracked, tuneless voice, trembling under its burden of sorrow, now shrunk down into the whispers of weakness, and now shuddering up into the laughter of despair, all Britain listens for a moment—and for no longer—listens, meets, talks, and does little or nothing. It was much that one shrill shriek should rise and reverberate above that world of wild contused wailings, which are the true "cries of London;" but, alas! that it has gone down again into the abyss, and that we are now employed in criticising its artistic quality instead of recording its moral effect. Not, altogether in vain, indeed, has it sounded, if it have comforted one lonely heart, if it have bedewed with tears one arid eye, and saved even one sufferer a pang of a kind which Shakspeare only saw in part, when he spoke of the "proud *man's* contumely"—the contumely of a proud, imperious, fashionable, hard-hearted *woman*—"one that was a woman, but, rest her soul, she's dead."

Not the least striking nor impressive thing in this "Song of the Shirt" is its half-jesting tone, and light, easy gallop. What sound in the street so lamentable as the laughter of a lost female! It is like a dimple on the red waves of hell. It is more melancholy than even the death-cough shrieking up through her shattered frame, for that speaks of rest, death, the grave, forgetfulness, perhaps forgiveness. So Hood, into the centre of this true tragedy, has, with a skilful and sparing hand, dropped a pun or two, a conceit or two; and these quibbles are precisely what make you quake. "Every tear hinders needle and thread," reminds us distinctly of these words, occurring in the very centre of the Lear agony, "Nuncle, it is a naughty night to swim in." Hood, as well as Shakspeare, knew that to deepen the deepest woe of humanity, it is the best way to show it in the lurid light of mirth; that there is a sorrow too deep for tears, too deep for sighs, but none too deep for smiles; and that the *aside* and the laughter of an idiot might accompany and serve to aggravate the anguish of a god. And what tragedy in that swallow's back which "twits with the spring," this captive without crime, this suicide without intention, this martyr without the prospect of a fiery chariot!

The "Bridge of Sighs," breathes a deeper breath of the same spirit. The poet is arrested by a crowd in the street; he pauses, and finds that it is a female suicide whom they have plucked dead from the waters. His heart holds its own coroner's inquest upon her, and the poem is the verdict. Such verdicts are not common in the courts of clay. It sounds like a voice from a loftier climate, like the cry which closes the Faust, "She is pardoned." He knows not—what the jury will know in an hour—the cause of her crime. He wishes not to know it. He cannot determine what proportion of guilt, misery, and madness have mingled with her "mutiny." He knows only she was miserable, and she is dead—dead, and therefore away to a higher tribunal. He knows only that whatever her guilt, she never ceased to be a woman, to be a sister, and that death for him, hushing "all questions, hiding all faults, has left on her only the beautiful." What can he do? He forgives her in the name of humanity; every heart says amen, and his verdict, thus repeated and confirmed, may go down to eternity.

Here, too, as in the "Song of the Shirt," the effect is trebled by the outward levity of the strain. Light and gay the masquerade his grieved heart puts on; but its every flower, feather, and fringe, shakes in the internal anguish, as in a tempest.—This one stanza (coldly praised by a recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose heart and intellect seem to be dead, but to us how unspeakably dear!) might perpetuate the name of Hood:

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, everywhere,
Out of the world!"

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

THE UNHAPPY QUEEN OF SPAIN.—The account given by us, in common with our cotemporaries, of the nature of that marriage into which the menaces and manœuvres of the King of the French and his ambassador flung the Queen of Spain, has proved unfortunately correct. Every letter from Madrid, many of them published, tell the same tale, gives the same picture of the newly-married royal couple. Don Francisco, the King Consort, after moping alone and unhappy all day, listening to the prophecies of an inspired nun, and believing himself favoured by the visitation of the Holy Ghost, displaying in short every symptom of bigoted idiotcy, creeps to bed at ten o'clock in the evening. Her Majesty, Queen Isabella, retires to slumber about the hour when her husband Don Francisco is rising. Her scrupulous care is, if possible, never to meet him; never to allow her regard to fall upon the odious personage to whom the *moral* King of the French sacrificed her,—his ambassador assuring her, that if she did not marry Don Francisco, she should never marry any other.

We shall not follow the young Queen through her daily scampering and her midnight racket, which evince her royal eagerness to drown care in noise, domestic misery in bustle and in the semblance of pleasure. No serious blame can be attached to her conduct, except that it is not of that dignified and orderly kind which Spaniards require even in dissipation, and the want of which, in that country, monstrously diminishes the respect and loyalty which should hedge the throne. When any courtier, bolder than the rest, ventures to hint that inconsiderate behaviour in her Majesty had the terrible effect of increasing the chances and partisans of the Conde de Montemolin, Isabella is said to reply, with a deep feeling of weariness and disgust, that her cousin is welcome to take the throne stuffed for her with thorns, and shared by an idiot.

Louis Philippe and M. Guizot are a pair of grave and moral gentlemen. And yet they perpetrated this domestic tragedy, this sacrifice of a woman, young, and a Queen, and a Bourbon, to the base and selfish policy of securing the succession of the Spanish throne to a French prince. The great mass of the English public may care little for Spain, for Spanish independence, Spanish liberties, or Spanish parties. But events of this kind, when happening in the humblest ranks of life, and bringing up their perpetrators at the Old Bailey, do attract moral indignation. And such interest the Spanish marriages and their results ought to excite.

The drama, too, has not been played out. We are yet but in the midst of it, and what horrors we may have to contemplate ere its close, it is difficult for imagination aptly to conceive.—*Daily News.*

A BULL.—A merry party, in an English country town, were bantering poor Teddy about his countrymen being so famous for bulls.—"By my faith," said Teddy, "you needn't talk about that same in *this* place; you're as fond of bulls as any people in all the world, so you are."—"Nonsense!" some of the party replied; "how do you make that out?" "Why sure, it's very aisy, it is; for in this paltry bit of a town you've got more public houses nor I ever seen with the sign of the bull over the door, so you have."—"Nay, Teddy, very few of those; but there's some of 'em, you know, in every town." "Yes," said Teddy, obstinately sticking to his text, for he had laid a trap for his friends, "but you've more nor your share, barring that you're so fond of bulls, as I say: I'm sure I can count half-a-dozen of 'em."—"Pooh, nonsense," cried the party; "that will never do: what'll you bet on that, Teddy? You're out there, my boy, depend upon it; we know the town as well as you, and what will you bet?"—"Indeed, my brave boys, I'll not bet at all; I'm no better, I assure ye,—I should be worse if I wur." This sally tickled his companions, and he proceeded. "But I'll be bound to name and count the six."—"Well, do, do," said several voices.—"Now, let me see; there's the Black Bull."—"Yes, that's one."—"Then there's the Red Bull."—"That's two."—"And the White Bull."—"Come, that's three."—"And the Pied Bull."—"So there is; you'll not go much further."—"And then there's—there's the Golden Bull in——what's it street?"—"Well done, Teddy; that's five, sure enough: but you're short yet."—"Ay," said a little letter-carrier, who sat smirking in the corner, "and he *will* be short, for there isn't one more, *I* know."—"And then, remimber," continued Teddy, carefully pursuing his enumeration, "there's the Dun Cow." At this, a burst of laughter fairly shook the room, and busy hands kept the tables and glasses rattling amidst boisterous cries of "A bull! a bull!" Looking serious at all around, Teddy deliberately asked, "Do you call that a bull?"—"To be sure, it's a bull!" exclaimed several voices at once.—"Then," said Teddy, "that's the sixth!" Here an unavoidable defeat in the direct was converted into a victory in the antipodean, by the cleverly-obtained admission of the vanquished party themselves.—*Irish Diamond's.*

CHILDREN TO LET.—The letting out of children to beggars, to make up a show, is a regular trade in London.

WISE COUNSEL.—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a *poor* man, but remember, that the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

LORD STANLEY, a few nights ago, alluded to Lord Brougham as "the noble lord who had just taken his seat;" but chancing to look round, and seeing the ex-chancellor jumping about like a cricket, begged pardon, and said he meant his noble friend who "never took his seat."—(great laughter.)

SOMETHING LIKE A POET LAUREATE.—The poet laureate to the Emperor of Delhi, is writing a poetical history of England in the Persian language, on the basis of Hume and Smollett. On the completion of this trifling task, the learned Rajah intends to write a book, to show that all European nations are of Hindoo origin.—*Bengal Hurkaru.*

THE PULPIT USED FOR CANVASSING.—The abbey-church of Paisley is collegiate. In the forenoon one of the ministers preached in favour of Sunday trains on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway, and invited the congregation to go into the vestry and sign an address to that effect. In the afternoon the other minister lectured against the trains, and intimated that he also had an address in the vestry.

HUMANITY OF THE MARQUIS OF SLIGO.—Mr. Osborne stated, in the House of Commons, on Monday, that the Marquis of Sligo had not only sacrificed an extensive deer park, of no fewer than 600 head of deer, to the wants of a soup kitchen, but was giving £70 weekly, to keep open the poor-house at Westport.

THE FREE CHURCH AND SLAVERY.—"An old correspondent," in a lengthened communication, for which we are unable to find room, contradicts the statement contained in a letter from Edinburgh, published in the postscript of our last number, to the effect that the leaders of the Free Church are anxious to effect a compromise on the Slavery question, and had proposed a conference with the Free Church Anti-Slavery Society. "No such arrangement has taken place, nor is likely to take place. In order to make 'security sure,' I called upon a gentleman who holds a most influential position in the Free Church Anti-Slavery Society, and he assured me that no such arrangement, however desirable, had taken place, nor was there the most remote prospect that it ever would. At the same time, he stated that he did not despair of ultimate success, though it would most likely be years hence. He further stated, that one grand essential in any proposed settlement of the question would be 'sending back the money.' The lectures delivered by the above society have done a world of good. They are delivered at an interval of ten days. These measures have rendered opposition more systematic and effectual, and have necessarily, led the friends of the slave to know each other."—*Nonconformist.*

DEATH OF COL. GORE LANGTON.—We have to record the decease of Col. Gore Langton, M. P. for East Somersetshire, one of the oldest as well as one of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons. He expired on Sunday last, after service as a legislator since the year 1815. This gentleman's name has been familiar in political circles, owing to his determined opposition to the Corn laws. Though one of the largest landed proprietors in the kingdom, he was the greatest enemy of protection, which he considered to be as detrimental to the cause of agriculture as to that of commerce. Though suffering from extreme bodily debility during the greater part of last session, he went down to the House, or rather was carried there to vote for the second reading of Sir R. Peel's Free-trade measures. He observed on the occasion, that "He would give his vote, though he should die in the lobby." Colonel Langton was also a prominet supporter of the Reform Bill, the Roman Catholic Relief Bill,